The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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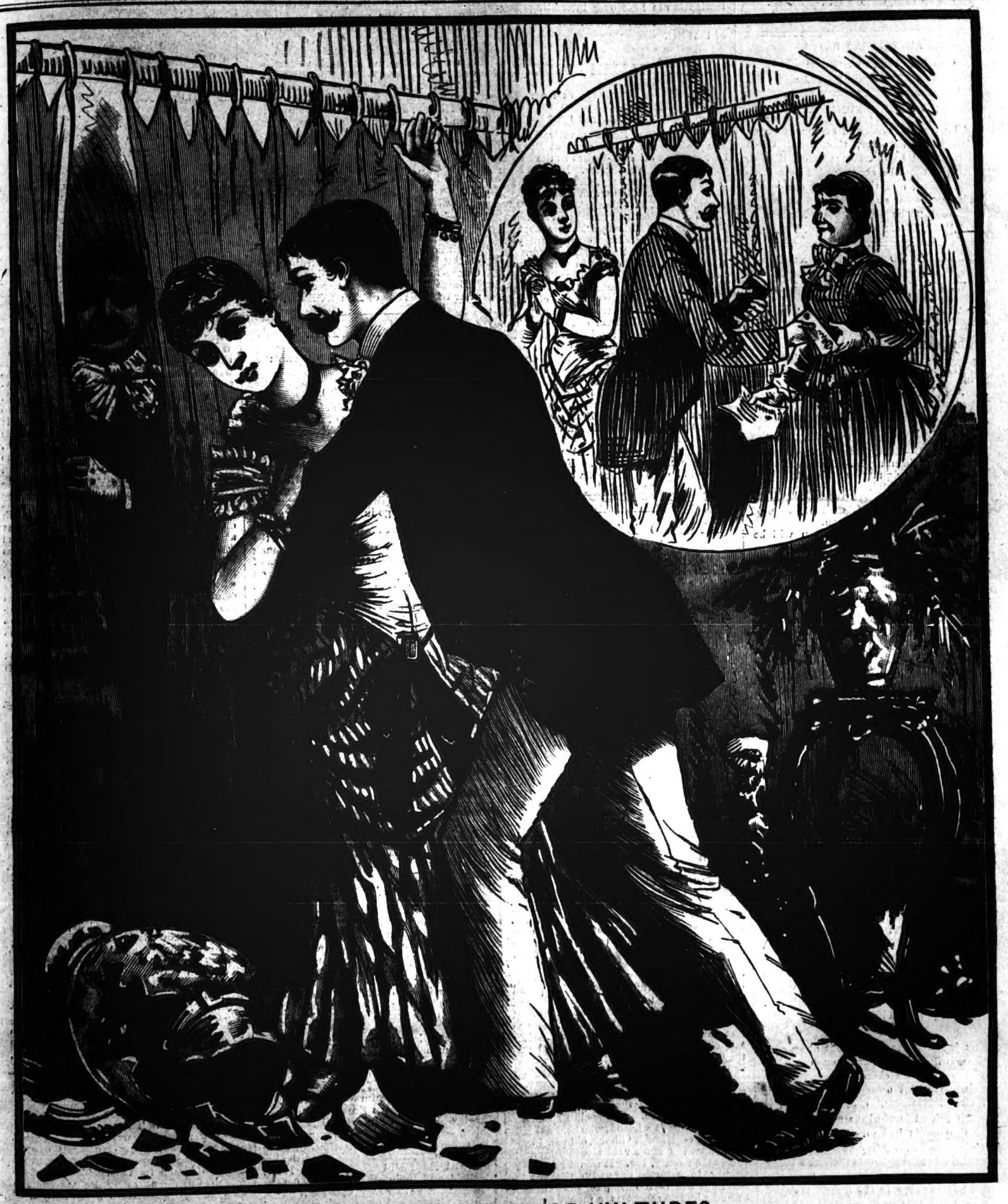

FLEECED BY A PAIR OF VULTURES.

The Dresden Vase Racket a Great Mug-Catcher.

The Mirror of Life
A Journal of Illustrations of the Passing Events of the Day

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1894.

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All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. W. (Nottingham).—Your request has been granted.
D. T. (Manchester).—See next week's issue of The Mirror of Life.
G. W. (Manchester).—Your proposition will receive our consideration.
R. (Bury).—Thanks for contribution.
W. (Leicester).—Send portraits as promised.
Reader (Bristol).—We can make no such promises.
A. C. (Wood Green).—Will appear in our next issue.
C. (Birmingham).—It is the same party.
S. (Glasgow).—Send portrait and sketch.
Subscriber (Edinburgh).—Steve Farrell is is making headquarters at Jem Wright's White Swan Hotel, Leicester.
Performer. — Address W. A. Brady, manager of James J. Corbett, care of the Hotel Victoria, London.
J. T. (Liverpool).—Peter Jackson will be here in April.
A. R. (London).—Send communication.

Now that Manager Brady has reached London something definite will be done as regards the Corbett-Jackson battle. There is now doubt but that the match could be brought to a successful decision, and should Mr. Corbett come off victorious he would be the undisputed possessor of the championship of the world in the heavy-weight division. At no time since the days of Tom Sayers has there been a heavy-weight so close to the top pinnacle of fame in pugilism as is Corbett at the present time, and Jackson is the only man now in existence who is entitled to dispute Corbett's claim.

It is certain that no such fabulous sum as £5,000 will be given for a fight between them here, though it does look reasonable that the National Sporting Club might be prevailed upon to go as high as £3,000.

Manager Brady is probably one of the shrewdest, if not the shrewdest manager that America ever produced, and it is therefore safe to predict that in lieu of the fact that Corbett's win over Jackson would make him the most famous pugilist of modern times, he will hardly hold out against any reasonable offer put forward in this country which would tend toward a successful termination of the proposed battle.

* * *

The jumping season is about at an end, and we will now launch out on what promises to be an eventful year for flat racing. Why Not scored a clever win in the Grand National. Cloister was a hot favourite, and unfortunately scratched after the public had plunged on him for an "air-tight" win. His stable-companion, Ardcarn, was subsequent to Cloister's being scratched, made a favourite, but from the result he was never in the hunt. Hurdle-races are among the uncertainties of life, and to predict a winner it requires tact which no mortal being will ever possess. We were sorry Van der Berg was not among the starters, because, in good form, and bar accident, he should render a good account of himself in such company as Why Not and Lady Ellen II.

* * *

Steve Farrell, the speedy Yankee, has captured his second handicap in this country, and, judging from his performance at Failsworth, he is a much improved man. He can with safety challenge any man in America at all distances from 100 to 1,000 yards.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

PROF. WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Promoter of Boxing at Bury.

(With Portrait.)

Prof. William Roberts, veteran boxer and promoter of boxing sport at Bury, is best known to the old-timers as the Fighting Tailor of Manchester. He was born at Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., February 23, 1855, stands 5ft 6in, and usually fought in condition at 11st 2lb.

It was not destined that Roberts should develop into a full-fledged Yankee, because his parents emigrated to this country in the sixties, and settled at Manchester. In 1871 he made his début in the squared circle, meeting Alf Lee with bare knuckles. Roberts won in an hour's time. He has since met and defeated in the old style Billy Bow, Jack Hartley, J. Kenny, and Billy Topping, all local celebrities. The fighting tailor was not satisfied in disposing of his fellow-townsmen, so he sought laurels away from Manchester by defeating Tom Smith, of Blackburn, Charley McCarty, of Colne, Jack Gibbons, of Deansgate. After lowering the colours of Jack Bennett and Paddy Burns, Manchester lads, and C. Smith, of Birmingham; he fought drawn battles with Harry Hogarth and Pete Dunn.

Meeting with an accident placed him into enforced retirement. For the past six years he has conducted a boxing-school at Bury, where he has produced some clever lads.

FLEECED BY A PAIR OF VULTURES.

The Dresden Vase Racket a Great Mug-Catcher.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"I was up against a novel racket the other day," writes a correspondent, "which must be a money-maker for the pair of schemers who carry it on. The central figure is one of the prettiest young women you could set eyes on, and that voluptuous in appearance and general make-up that any admirer of beauty would imagine he were in fairy-land when in her presence. She ain't married and what's more, I doubt if she has any aspirations in that direction. It was my misfortune to make her aquaintance about a month ago, and I soon became a steady caller at her home—or, to speak more correctly, the home of her aunt, with whom she lived. I spoke words of love to my fair charmer in the drawing room, which was separated from the breakfast room by draperies. She assumed a coy but entrancing attitude, which drew me on to pressing matters, and I soon conceived the idea that, after several calls, of imprinting a kiss on her cherry lips. She put on a do-it-if-you-dare expression, and I noticed she edged over towards the draperies. I grasped the situation at a glance and grasped her, too, and in getting hold of her she practically got me so I pushed over a vase. Several pieces broke off, and ere I got my lips against hers the old vampire behind the draperies poked her head through and bemoaned the loss of a valuable Dresden vase. She assumed an expression of one who had lost the last article of value on earth. My fair charmer proposed that I should put the quietus on by paying for the damaged vase, what could I do but say yes? And when I was called upon to hand out two £10 notes I could feel my brain reel. I felt too ill to loiter there any longer, and took my departure. At the club I related my experience to a friend, who held out his hand and exclaimed, 'Shake, old pal, I was up against the same vase last month, and it cost me twenty, too. It would be worth twenty to get familiar with the young lady, but she is too wide for that kind of business.' The racket is a money maker, and if any man falls into a strange drawing room beware of Dresden vases."

TOM BURROWS.

Australian Athlete now at Aldershot.

(With Portrait.)

Tom Burrows, Australian all-round athlete now located at Aldershot, was born at Ballarat, in the colony of Victoria, January 26, 1867, and stands 5ft 6½in. He first cropped into prominence as a pedestrian in 1887, when, with nine yards start, he won a 135 Yard Sheffield Handicap at Melbourne. With a yard less he subsequently ran second, and then he won two level races—300 and 100 yards. In one day at the East-End Cricket Club Sports, Burrows proved successful in the Half-mile Race, the 100 Yards Race, and the High Jump. Following this the Victorian turned his attention to wrestling, at which sport he quickly distinguished himself. Towards the fall of 1887 he won the Lightweight Championship (Græco-Roman style) and the gold medal given by the F. P. Slavin combination, and a couple of months later he secured a gold medal given by the Mathews combination. Burrows next beat R. Adolph, of America, three straight falls out of five at the Melbourne Gymnasium for a £50 purse, and won the first two falls against Spodina at Hamilton. At the Melbourne Athletic Blub he wrestled a three hours' draw with Joe Hickey, and later took a competition open to 10st men. In cricket, too, Burrows has taken high honours by securing the gold medal given for the best batting average (85·6) by the East Melbourne C.C. A few months before he sailed for England he won the championship of Australia at Indian club swinging.

At Aldershot, October 17, 1893, he swung a pair of clubs, scaling 3lb each, for six hours without a stop, performing ninety distinct combinations, and in all 18,000 revolutions. Same place he subsequently defeated R. Burns in two straight falls Græco-Roman style of wrestling.

Burrows is a clever sparrer and looks after the interests of Tom Williams.

JOE DUNSTER.

A Retired Sprinter who Follows the Turf.

(With Portrait.)

Joe Dunster, of Sheffield, is one of the best known disseminators of turf information in the kingdom. He was born at Bury, in Lancashire, forty-five years ago, but taken by his parents to Sheffield some forty years ago. When a lad he was apprenticed as a clogger to his father, but a discovery that he could run short distances with speed induced him to abandon his business and go into training for sprint running.

He won a £100 handicap, and then the indentures were broken, and young Dunster embarked on the troubled sea of pedestrianism. His big race was on December 14, 1868, with Frank Hewitt, for £500 a-side, and a bet of £500. It was run at the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield. Dunster, who received 7yds start in 142yds, succeeded in winning by 3yds. Fourteen days later he won his first £100 sprint handicap, beating every favourite. The final was a memorable one in the cutlery capital, for it was run in a blinding snowstorm, which completely hid the runners from the spectators when the former were at the starting-post. He added to his laurels the next year, but afterwards broke down whilst in training for another race. His people, Frank Hewitt, and Wm. Clark did well from their protégé, who at last decided to seek more profitable business. He accordingly embarked on the Turf as assistant to William Keen, and soon showed extraordinary aptitude in gaining information from all quarters respecting horses. Three years later, Keen being dead, Dunster journeyed to Lincoln, and those who availed themselves of his information were not disappointed. His predictions were not guess work, but the result of careful watching and much thought. He gave Footstep for the Lincoln, and Australitz for the Grand National, and since then he has been prosperous. "Joe" still pays that care and attention to his business which first gained him a step on the ladder to success. Summer and winter he is up and down the country attending race meetings, and no matter what the weather may be he will be found out first at the break of day, watching the various candidates, and weighing up their appearance and performances.

The condition and work of the horses at all the principal training establishments are regularly reported to him by hired men. Early in his turf career Mr. Dunster tried his hand at keeping peds., and among other good men kept by him were Martin, of Sheffield, who won twice in one year, Charley Ashton, of Newton Heath, and Herbert Simmonite. He however severed his connection with pedestrianism some four years ago. He resides with his family at Edge Hill Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield, and maintains a replete garden and greenhouse, besides well-bred game, poultry, pigeons, and several valuable dogs, one being a present from Mr. Ryan, the well-known Newmarket trainer.

HARRY GREENFIELD.

A Game 8st 12lb Pugilist of Camden Town.

(With Portrait.)

Harry Greenfield, of Camden Town, has convinced the public of his gameness, and though he has been at the game but three years, he has scored many victories. Greenfield is twenty-two years of age, stands 5ft 5½in, and scales 8st 12lb in condition. Three years ago he met G. Gowlett for £10, and in the middle of the second round he had the fight won. This victory he followed up by defeating Jack Webb, of St. John's, in two rounds for £20. He was beaten by Bill Corbett, of Lambeth, in twenty-five rounds for £160, and was subsequently beaten on points in twenty rounds by Charley Tilley, of Somers Town, for £120. A victory over Bill McGrath in four rounds for £40, a forfeit from H. Callam, and an easy win over Sam Sorrell, of Birmingham, for £80, in seven rounds, constitute Greenfield's record in match contests. He has won numerous competitions, and shows an improvement in form each match he participates in.

Greenfield has good financial support, and can get all the backing he requires for any match he chooses to make.

A SAD ACCIDENT IN REGENT STREET.

A Cradle Gives Way, Causing Two Deaths and Several Injured.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A shocking accident, which resulted in the death of two workmen and injury to five other persons, occurred in Regent Street shortly before half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of March 29. A number of workmen were engaged at the time in repainting the front of Messrs. Peter Robinson's establishment, a building of four stories, and about sixty feet in height. For this purpose they were hoisted to the top storey in three painter's cradles, which were secured by ropes attached to pulleys fixed to the coping on the roof. While three painters, named Sloggett, Castle, and Walsh, were endeavouring to lower one of these cradles one of the pulleys to which it was attached gave way. For a moment the men, who had succeeded in retaining their hold of the cradle, were left swinging in mid-air, but then the remaining pulley, unable to bear the weight thus suddenly cast upon it also gave way, and the men and cradle were precipitated into the street below. The cradle in its fall struck against the balcony over the shop and pitched the men out. In its fall it tore down the sun-blind, broke a large pane of glass, and knocked down several people who were standing at the shop window. Sloggett and Castle fell on their heads on the pavement, and it was at once evident that they had sustained serious injuries. Walsh, however, was more fortunate, although he, too, was badly hurt. A police-constable of the C division, who witnessed the catastrophe, at once summoned aid, and with all possible speed the injured were removed to the Middlesex Hospital. It was then found that Castle, whose skull was fractured, was already dead, and Sloggett, who had also received terrible injury to the head, died a few minutes after admission. Walsh had sustained fractures of the right leg and ribs, and his wounds were at once attended to. Two ladies, who were slightly cut and bruised by the falling cradle, were also taken to the hospital, but after being treated by the house surgeon they were allowed to go home. Another lady had her leg broken, and was attended in Mr. Robinson's shop by Dr. Andrew Clarke. Subsequently she was removed to her own house in a private brougham, attended by one of Mr. Robinson's lady assistants.

The sad occurrence, which was witnessed by a large number of people, caused intense excitement, and having regard to the fact that the side walks were crowded at the time, it is almost miraculous that more lives were not lost.

The names of the killed and injured, who were taken to the hospital, are as follows:—

Frederick Sloggett, aged 35, of Brinley Street, Harrow Road—killed.

Robert Castle, aged 37, late of 152, Albany Road, Camberwell—killed.

William Walsh, aged 31, of 21, Artillery Road, Victoria Street, Westminster—right leg and ribs injured.

Miss B. Thornton, of 18 Chepstow Gardens, Bayswater—a fractured leg.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith, of 20, Milton Walk.

Mrs. Jessie Bourne, of 69, Hart Lane, Bethnal Green.

Miss Croasdell, 97, Worship Street, who is employed by Mr. Walter Wilson, draper, of Oxford Street.

A baby carried by Mrs. Smith escaped entirely unhurt. The two men who were killed were both married, with families, and were about thirty-five years of age. Mr. Robinson's manager stated last night that no blame for the accident could be attached to anyone. Mr. Peter Robinson had, however, expressed his intention of seeing that the families of the deceased men are cared for, and that the injured ladies should receive every attention.

THE FANCY.

Cursory Remarks on the Origin, Rise, and Progress of Pugilism in England.

(A.D. 1823.)

Boxing and cudgelling, it appeared, degenerated into down-right ferocity and barbarity at this fair from the drunkenness and inequality of the combatants, and the various artifices adopted to get money, which at last became so disgusting that it was declared a public nuisance, and in 1743 Southwark fair was suppressed.

It was from the above scene of frolic and fun that the inimitable Hogarth drew his celebrated picture of the Southwark fair, in which life is exhibited in all its various shapes, from the king to the beggar; and among the variety of characters here portrayed may be traced the likenesses of the late king, interestedly gazing upon the rude and comic touches of nature, and viewing the merry countenances of his happy subjects, enjoying the humours and freedom of their countrymen, so congenial to the soil of liberty; and the famous Colly Cibber, of theatrical fame, in observing the display of talent, sported by his brethren of the sock and buskin to the gaping crowd, to persuade the populace to fill their booths that they might begin immediately; and the heroic Figg, of pugilistic memory, challenging any one of the crowd to enter the lists with him, either for money, for love, or a bellyfull!

The latter character, at this period, was a distinguished personage in the history of pugilism, by references being made to him upon all fighting occasions, and was considered to possess good judgment. He might be looked upon as the champion of that day. Figg was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles which he gained than from the effects of genius; in fact, he was extremely illiterate, and it might be said he boxed his way through life. If Figg's method of fighting was subject to the criticism of the present day, he would be denominated more of a slaughterer than that of a neat, finished pugilist. His antagonists were punished severely in their conflicts with him, particularly those who stood up to receive his blows; in making matches his advice was always consulted, as he possessed the character of an honest fellow, and was looked up to as a leading fighter among the most distinguished of the fancy.

It appears that Figg was more distinguished as a fencer and cudgeller than as a pugilist; and, notwithstanding the former acquirements, gave him a decidedly superior advantage over the other boxers of that day by his thorough acquaintance with time and measure, yet his favourite practices were the sword and stick, and in the use of which he particularly excelled.

His reputation rapidly increasing as a scientific man in those pursuits, he was induced to open an amphitheatre for teaching the use of the small and back-sword, cudgelling, and pugilism; and which place soon became of considerable notoriety, by proving a great attraction to the sporting men at that period in making and settling matches in the various bouts that were displayed.

It was here that the celebrated Captain Godfrey (the Barclay of that time) displayed his uncommon skill and elegance in those manly sports with the most hardy and determined competitors, contending for the palm of victory; and often was the Captain witnessed by royal and noble personages, whom, it should seem, became supporters to a science tending to inure the people to bravery and intrepidity.

To Captain Godfrey's "Treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence," published in 1747, we are, in some degree, indebted for an account of the characters of the Fancy within his time, which work was dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and was so well received by the public that it immediately went through two large editions.

The Captain thus speaks of Figg:—"I have purchased my knowledge with many a broken head, and bruises in every part of me. I chose to go mostly to Figg, and exercise with him; partly, as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly as he was of a rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that Figg at last, finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not show such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who used to be pleased in setting us together."

It was about this period that the whole boxing hemisphere was up in arms—occasioned by the insolent threats of the English laurels being torn from their native soil and transplanted to a foreign land! It was a Venetian gondolier that threw down the glove, boasting, at the same time, that he would break the jaw-bone of any opponent who might have the temerity to fight him. The Venetian was a man of prodigious strength, possessing an arm not only very large and muscular, but surprisingly long; and had proved a complete terror to his own countrymen by the number of jaw-bones which he had sent to the surgeons to be set of those persons who had possessed hardihood enough to oppose him. His fame ran before him, and his impetuosity was described to be irresistible. The Venetian was considered a good subject for winning, and a foreigner of distinction and several of his countryman backed him for a large sum. But John Bull was not thus to be bounced out of his pluck or his money, and in this situation of affairs Figg was applied to for a customer to serve him out, if such a one could be found. "Found," exclaimed Figg, laughing heartily. "Aye, my masters, plenty; but I don't know, d'ye see, as how that 'ere's truth about his breaking so many of his countrymen's jawbones with his fist. Howsomedever, that's no matter, he can't break Bob Whitaker's jawbone if he had a sledge-hammer in his hand. And if Bob must knock under—why, before this here outlandish waterman shall rule the roost I'll give him a Figg to chaw, which perhaps he'll find some trouble in swallowing!" After this luminous display upon the matter the match was made, and the day appointed for the combat to take place at Figg's Amphitheatre.

It may be necessary to say something here about the qualifications of Bob Whitaker, who was selected to punish this Venetian for his vain boasting that he would take the shine out of Englishmen! Bob was an awkward boxer and an athletic man; but possessed true bottom, and was celebrated for his throwing and contriving to pitch his weight body on his fallen antagonist.

Among the milling coves the day was looked for with uncommon anxiety that was to decide this mighty contest.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." The important moment at length arrived, and, according to all report, it was by far the most splendid company and the politest house of the kind that was ever seen at Figg's Amphitheatre.

The stage was ordered to be cleared, when an awful silence prevailed in the anxiety manifested for the set-to. The Venetian mounted with smiles of confidence, and was greeted welcome by loud plaudits from his countrymen and partisans, and instantly began to strip. His giant-like arm claimed universal astonishment, and his size in general struck terror, and even Captain Godfrey observes, "That his heart yearned for his countryman!" Bob appeared cool and steady, in a few seconds afterwards, and was cheered with huzzas. He eyed the gondolier, with firmness, and, quite undismayed, threw off his clothes in an instant; when the attack commenced, the Venetian pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended, and, before Whitaker was aware of his design, he received a blow on the side of the head, so powerful in its effect as to capsize him over the stage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's fall was desperate indeed, as he dashed completely against the ground; which circumstance would not have taken place, but for the grandeur of the audience, whose prices for admission were so high on that day as to exclude the common people, who generally sat on the ground, and formed a line round the stage. It was then all clear and Bob had nothing to stop him at the bottom. The bets ran high, and the foreigners vociferated loudly indeed in behalf of the Venetian, and flattered themselves that Whitaker would scarcely be able to come again from the desperate blow and fall that he had received and sported their cash freely in laying odds thick against him; but Bob was not to be told out so soon, and jumped upon the stage like a gamecock to renew the attack. Sparring was now all at an end, and Whitaker found out something must be done to render the Venetian's long arm useless or he must lose the fight; so without further ceremony he made a little stoop, and ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one "English peg" in the stomach (quite a new thing to foreigners) brought him on his breach. The tables were then turned, the sporting men laughing heartily, and the foreigners a little chopfallen. The Venetian showed symptoms of uneasiness—was quite sick—and his wind being touched, he was scarcely to his time. Bob now punished him in fine style, drove him all over the stage, and soon gave him a leveller. The odds shifted fast in favour of Whitaker, and the foreigners displayed some terrible long faces! The gondolier was completely puzzled, and in the course of a few rounds the conceit was so taken out of him that he lost all guard of his person, and was compelled to give in, to the no small chagrin of the foreigners, who were properly cleaned out upon this occasion; but the Venetian had the mortification to retire in disgrace after his vain boasting, and, with a good milling; or, as Captain Godfrey concludes, "The blow in the stomach carried too much of the English rudeness for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly fist."

(To be continued.)

She: "Will you love me when I'm old?"

He: "Don't I?"

TONSORIAL ARTISTS MEET.

Shaving Contest for May.

WHO IS THE CHAMPION?

The "Mirror of Life" Trophy.

It begins to look as though there will be a meeting of the "Knights of the Razor," and we shall then be afforded an opportunity of judging who is the champion of the world at rapid and clean shaving. During 1887 Teddy Wick was engaged in a public match at shaving, and James Rymer, of Mile End, became inspired with the idea that he was capable of lowering the colours of the Chelsea man. To gratify his desires he presented himself as a subject for Wick to operate on. Rymer claims that Wick brought into play a Yankee device which enabled him to do fast work and avoid cutting or drawing blood. No sooner had Wick finished up with Rymer's "physog" than the latter gave him, what in sporting parlance would be termed, a "call down." Notwithstanding the fact that considerable talk was indulged in on both sides nothing was productive of the wordy warfare.

Rymer then shaved 100 East-End subjects against time, and accomplished a grand performance. Whether it was the rapidity with which Rymer had done his work, or his capabilities of discussing the "point" that kept him from a match, we are unable to state: we do know that all his challenges were ignored since then, and finally Wick bobbed up again in a match with William Lloyd, of Fulham. It was a close contest, and though Wick carried the honours for two-thirds of the match, it was, at the close, awarded to Lloyd. With a view to bringing about a meeting of all the rapid shavers, the proprietors of The Mirror of Life offered a ten-guinea trophy for a championship competition, that the long-mooted question could be brought to a satisfactory decision.

It was not till March 29 that the proposition formed any tangible appearance, and on that day a meeting was held at the offices of The Mirror of Life, when it was agreed that the competition should be decided the latter part of May in London. According to the stipulations, each contestant is to supply twenty-five subjects, and from the total number twenty-five men will be drawn by the umpires for each contestant. Three days will intervene between each night's shaving, and on each night the men are to meet the subjects—twenty-five in number—will be changed about, and so continued, till each tonsorial artist shall have scraped the face of each subject. The shaving of each man shall be timed by two official timekeepers. The competitors shall select an umpire, and the umpires chosen shall agree upon a referee. The officials are to decide on the cleanliness of the work, and judge the "cutting." Ordinary shaving razors will have to be used, and every means adopted to see that each competitor is impartially treated.

The winner, in addition to the championship trophy, will receive sixty per cent. of the net proceeds of admission; the runner up, a second man, twenty-five per cent.; and the remaining fifteen per cent. to be divided between the two tail-enders.

James Rymer, of Stepney, and Thomas Steele, of Bethnal Green, have already attached their names to the agreement, and it is now lying at our office for the perusal of those who desire to contend. Teddy Wick has consented to be a competitor, and will sign the agreement on his return from his tour in the Midlands. He and Ryman are desirous of inducing Lloyd to enter. Should Lloyd have sufficient confidence in his ability as an expert shaver and desire to contend in a bonâ-fide championship match he has only to attach his name to the articles now in our hands.

The competitors shall meet on Thursday afternoon, April 26, at The Mirror of Life office; and mutually agree on the date and place where the contest is to occur.

The conditions under which the contest shall be decided will enable the best man to win, and with the programme such as is proposed by two of the entries, a large crowd is sure to be attracted to the hall the affair takes place in.

Amongst those who volunteer their services gratuitously for the nights of the contest are Harry Conroy, Irish comedian; Alf Royal, comic singer; Charles Miller, comedian; Bellamy and Kelsey, violinists, and a string band. "Box and Cox" will be a sketch undertaken by Brown and White.

The match will be in the hands of an efficient manager, who lends his services not for financial profit, but to encourage honest sport. Everything will be done to make the competition a financial success, and it is safe to predict that the winner will not only realise the championship trophy, but at least £50 in solid cash.

Friend: "You'll be missed if you leave the stage."

De Ranter: "That's the reason I'm going off. I'm tired of being hit."

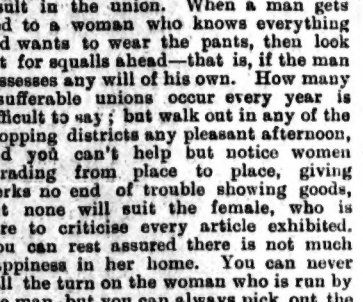
A BATTLE-SCARRED WIDOWER.

Why he Rejected Advances for a Second Marriage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Men get married, as a rule, to enlist to themselves a companion through life to share joys and sorrows, though in most cases you will find more sorrow than joy result in the union. When a man gets tied to a woman who knows everything and wants to wear the pants, then look out for squalls ahead—that is, if the man possesses any will of his own. How many insufferable unions occur every year is difficult to say; but walk out in any of the shopping districts any pleasant afternoon, and you can't help but notice women parading from place to place, giving clerks no end of trouble showing goods, but none will suit the female, who is sure to criticise every article exhibited. You can rest assured there is not much happiness in her home. You can never call the turn on the woman who is run by the man, but you can always pick out the man who is run by the woman. A woman who has common sense, and interferes only with her own household affairs, presents the appearance of a happy and contented individual. The one who knows-it-all is never contented. If she gets control over her husband she is not satisfied, but wants new fields to conquer. Her advice is always freely advanced without the asking, and should her husband make ninety-nine lucky turns they are as a matter of fact, but if the hundredth venture turns out a failure, then beware. The henpecked husband will invariably find it impossible to conceal his feelings. Let some one talk sharp to him, he is pretty sure to put up his arm as though to guard off a blow. It becomes his second nature to expect something coming his way any time high words are passed. As one man in Yorkshire, on receiving a letter from an old friend, inquiring if marriage was a failure, replied in but few words, but they meant more than one could imagine, "Please don't stir me up." Where both sides battle to wear the trousers, then comes the tug of war. A widower in the North London district has been considered by marriageable maidens to be a good catch, and several made designs on him for a life companion. Being pressed pretty close recently, he invited a quartette to his library and displayed a case full of implements, and, pointing to them, he said, "That accounts for why I'm not marrying again." He had been there once, and the chances were too great to risk a second experience; hence he will remain a widower till he turns up his toes.

He said to one of the maidens: "There was one great trouble with my wife, who is now planted—she would invariably tell people that she never said a word to me, and gave me all my own way. Of course, any scar I carried was, according to her say, the result of a club scrimmage; but she lied. Before I got chained down to her apron strings it was dear this and dear that. I regarded her as an angel and hitched up. It was not a week after that she inaugurated a tirade of abuse. At first I kept the hair on my head



By Holding her Hands.

She soon beat that game, however, by hurling at me the first thing she could lay hands on. I treasured up the implements which hurt the most, and now my collection is second to none."

PREFERRED DEATH TO DISGRACE.

A St. Louis Girl, Disappointed in Love, Takes her own Life.

(Subject of Illustration.)

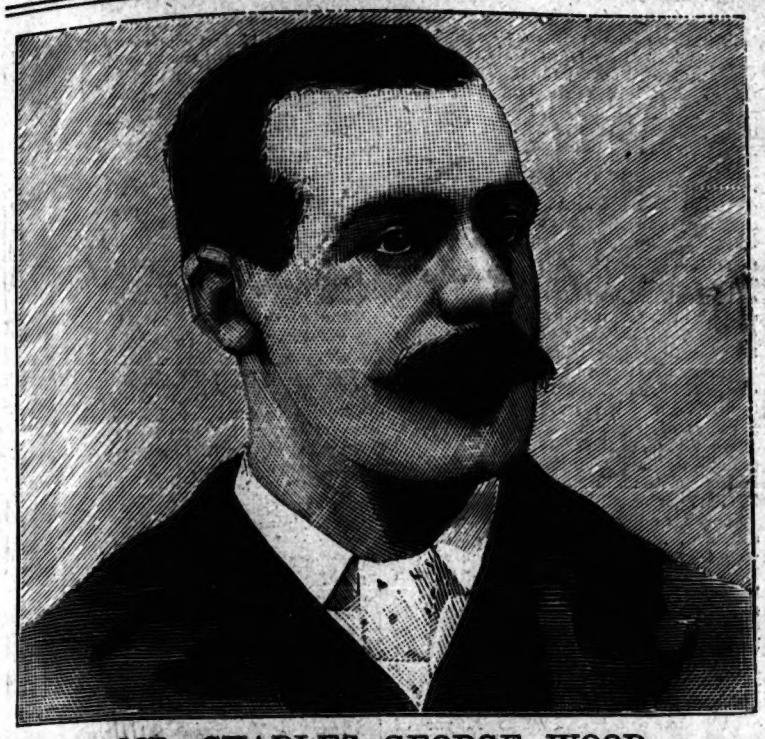
A sad death occurred at St. Louis, U.S.A., the other day. A young lady moving in good society found herself in a delicate condition, and appealed to her lover to make amends by marriage. It was the same old story; the man, who is at the head of a prominent business establishment, declined with thanks, and, in order to conceal her shame, the young lady repaired to her bedroom; putting the portrait of the man who betrayed her in her bosom, she discharged a bullet through it. The shot struck a fatal spot, and she reeled over on her couch a corpse. Every effort is being made to keep the matter a secret. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of committing suicide whilst temporarily insane.

A BATTLE-SCARRED WIDOWER.

Why he Rejected Advances for a Second Marriage.

CELEBRATING THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

How a Brace of Winners Entertained Sirens and caused Wine to Flow Freely.

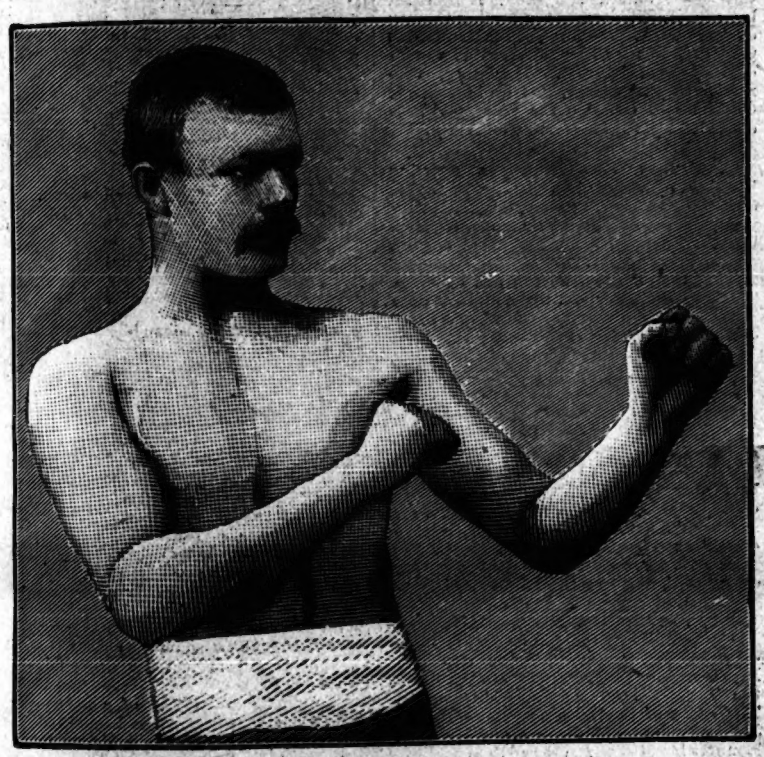


MR. CHARLES GEORGE WOOD.

Retired Amateur Champion Sprinter, Who Holds Several Records.

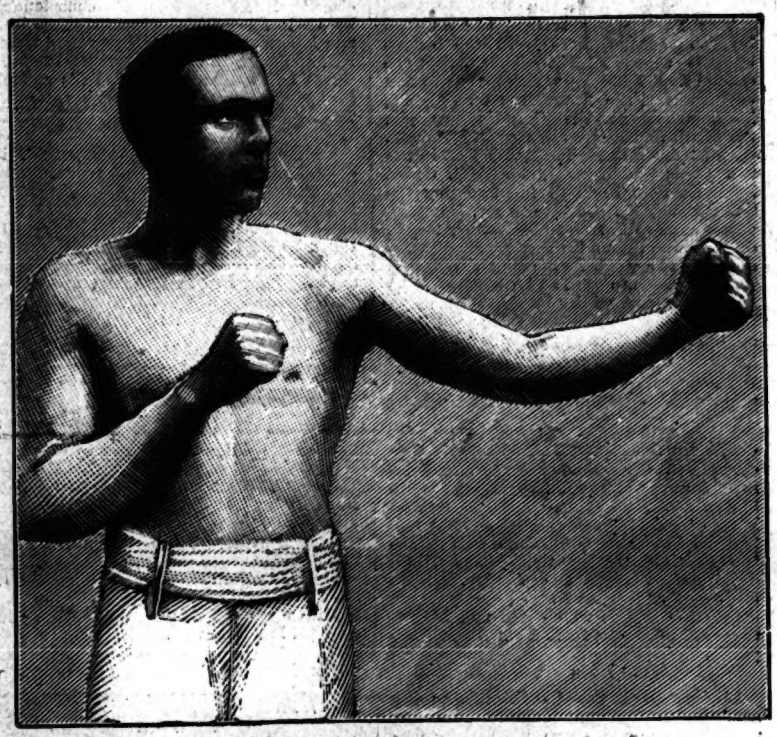
MISS MAY HETHERINGTON.

Clever Soubrette and Pantomime Favourite.



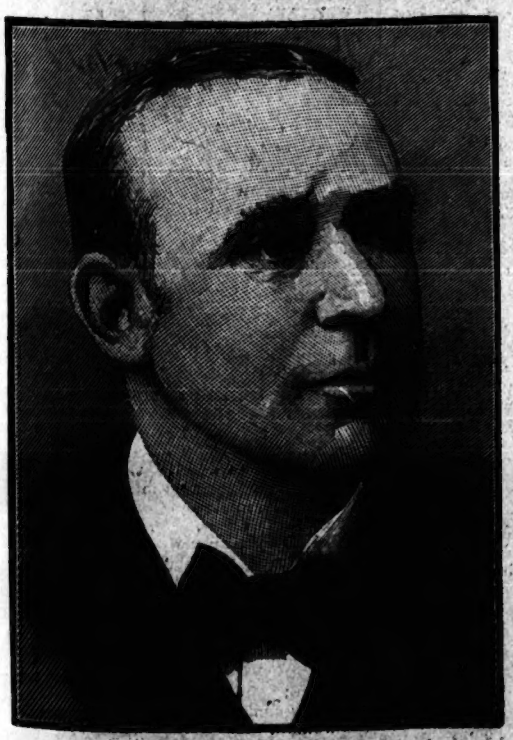
TOM WILLIAMS.

Clever 10st Pugilist from Australia.



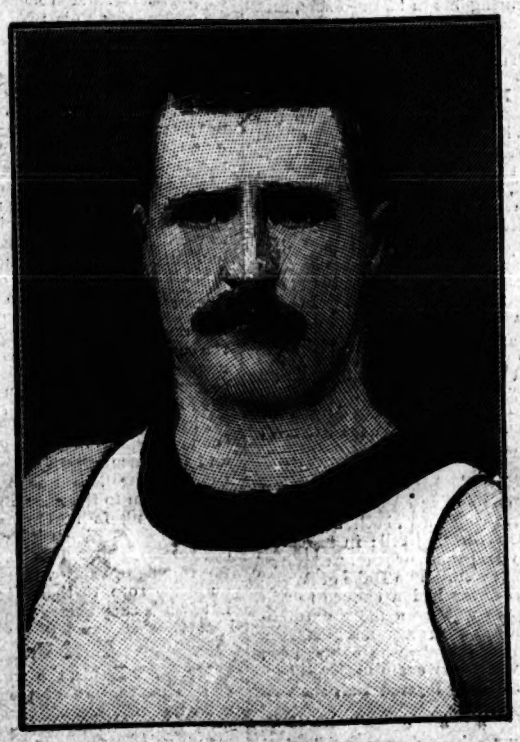
HARRY GREENFIELD.

A Game 8st 12lb Pugilist of Camden Town.



JOE DUNSTER.

A Retired Sprinter who follows the Turf.



TOM BURROWS.

Australian Athlete now at Aldershot.

PROF. WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Promoter of Boxing at Bury.

HONEST SPORTS.

FARRELL'S WIN.

Captures a Manchester.

Airey's Luck at Sheffield.

Hutchens' Benefit a Failure.

Handicaps on the Decline.

Sheffield and Manchester handicaps appear to be on the decline, both as regards sprinters to compete and spectators. Less than 2,500 people attended on the two days at the Moorfield Recreation Grounds, Failsworth, to witness the decision of the Manchester Racing Company's 130 yards handicap for £100 in prizes. Only thirty accepted the starts allotted them, and they were drawn in nine heats. Steve Farrell, the Yankee, and C. Ransome, of Wood Green, were the actual scratch men on the 9½ yards' mark, and the limit ran out to 18 yards. Farrell was in fine fettle, and on March 23, when the trial heats were run off, he was backed down till, on the second day the odds were as high as 10 to 1 on. In the second round Farrell met R. W. Jackson, Hull, 18¾ yards; S. Shepherd, Rochdale, 12½ yards, and a dead-heat was declared between Farrell and Jackson which caused considerable criticism. In the "run off" Farrell won by a yard. For the final heat Farrell met J. Haggerty, Stalybridge, 16 yards; and I. Kay, Farnworth, 14½ yards, and won by three-quarters of a yard, Haggerty finishing second, a yard in advance of Kay.

* * *

The Yankee was trained at Freshfield by Bob Gould, of Leeds, and won for his backers about £1,000. This makes the second £100 handicap which he has won in this country, the first being on July 29, 1889, when at the Queen's grounds, Sheffield, under the alias of E. Donovan, with 83 yards start, he secured first in the 202 yards handicap, Gent and G. Grant being the actual scratch men, holding the 78½ yards mark. Curious to say, Haggerty was second to Farrell in both wins, and in each he was beaten for first place by three-quarters of a yard. In the Sheffield, Farrell had 119 yards to run, and conceded Haggerty 4¾ yards, whilst in the Manchester handicap he had to cover 120½ yards, and stood Haggerty off 6½ yards, which shows he must have improved in his form the past five years, or possibly he is going better, and Haggerty a trifle slower.

* * *

Farrell has been at the game now for well nigh ten years, and when he first cropped into prominence it was as a half-mile runner. When L. E. Myers was in his prime, Farrell had backing to run Myers for £1,000 aside, but the latter had learned that Steve could come well within the two minutes for that journey, and decided upon seeking an easier job. Farrell is one of a few men who have appeared before the public who could run all distances in first-class form from 100 to 1,000 yards.

* * *

We have never heard of him doing any alarming performance at the quarter mile, though some years ago his trainer was prepared to back him to do 49sec, and to do the half-mile in better than 1min 55sec. L. E. Myers was credited with having accomplished 100 yards in even time, but those who knew how to hold a watch could never catch him better than two yards outside. In Farrell's win he beat even time, and when he returns home fit and well on improved form he should beat any 100-yarder they have in the States.

* * *

For Morte's £100 200 yards handicap less than 2,000 people turned out in the two days—March 24, 26. Speculation was not by any means brisk, and the money pending was of a limited sum. Dan Scully, of America, S. Airey, F. Shearman, and J. Heppenstall were probably the best backed for the handicap. Scully, 82½yds, was beaten in the second round of trials by F. Shearman, 86½yds. The final was awarded to S. Airey of Salford, 87yds; F. Shearman, Wainfleet, 86½yds, second; W. Hall, Bradford, 86yds, third; and A. Bates, London, 87½yds, fourth.

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Much dissatisfaction was expressed over the result of the final, because the spectators were under the impression that Shearmad had won by a foot, and the disappointed ones aired their opinions quite freely.

* * *

Airey, no doubt, was born under a lucky star. He got the Sheffield contrary to the opinions of those present, and he was also declared winner over Haggerty in the Manchester Shrovetide Handicap, when the spectators, to a man, declared that Haggerty had actually won.

* * *

The referee's position is by no means an enviable one, and their rulings are frequently unjustly criticised. It is not, however, through the decisions of the referee that has caused Manchester and Sheffield handicaps to lose caste with the public, but the running of the men themselves in not going to their marks as "tryers."

* * *

In years gone by, a man, to win a Sheffield, could count on winning from £2,000 to £8,000 in the books; but of late one is in luck to pull off a £1,000. The attendance, too, numbered away up in the thousands; now it has tumbled down to hundreds.

* * *

More encouragement is given the promoters of handicaps at Newcastle-on-Tyne than at either Sheffield or Manchester. For the concluding heats of the £100 130 yards Handicap, run off at the Victoria Grounds, March 24, nearly 4,000 people attended. R. Gordon, Newcastle, 22½ yards, captured the "plum," with J. G. Hutchinson, Newcastle, 21 yards, second; J. Redshaw, Durham, 13 yards, third; J. Bright, Newcastle, 22 yards, fourth in the final heat. The odds were, when the final heat was called, 10 to 1 on the winning man.

* * *

The pedestrian contests promoted by J. T. Hulls at Invicta Grounds, Plumstead, March 23, for £50 in prizes, drew about 1,600 spectators. In the 130 yards handicap, T. Townsend, 20 yards, won the final, with R. Davey, 19½ yards, second. T. Newstead, 165 yards, secured first in the mile; C. Martin, 24 yards, first in the 300 yards, and A. Flaunty, 300 yards, first in the four miles handicap.

* * *

Harry Hutchens took a benefit at Stamford Bridge Grounds, March 24, to celebrate his retirement from the cinder path. Though the affair was under the patronage of Sir J. D. Astley, and the Brigade of Guards, only a handful of people were present—possibly 500 in all, and the very class that he catered for was conspicuous by their absence. Hutchens essayed to run 100 and 250 yards against record time, but, no doubt, the limited number of spectators had a tendency to cool his ardour for lowering records, and in neither attempt was he successful.

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Hutchens' pedestrian career would, if given in extenso, fill a good size volume. His marvellous successes at Sheffield (1878, 1879, 1882, and 1891), more especially when he beat Liddle, of Blaydon (February 21, 1882), by six inches, and ran nine yards inside evens, completely electrified the the best judges of foot racing, and since that period he has gone on multiplying records and scoring remarkable successes. At Lillie Bridge Grounds he ran 300 yards in even time, and at Edinburgh, January 2, 1884, he repeated the performance, which stands as a record.

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In view of the fact that his show proved such a failure, it is proposed to organise a professional meeting testimonial to Hutchens, to occur shortly at some suitable track in London.

* * *

Fred Kent breasted the tape nine inches in front of James Harrington in a 100 yards race at Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury, March 26, for £10 a-side. Harrington was the favourite at 25 to 20, and about £200 changed hands on the result.

* * *

Sam Emmett and George Bubear are to scull over the Thames championship course May 7, for £100.

* * *

At the Montpelier Music Hall, March 27, Con Griffiths and Alec Young wrestled best in three falls at catch-as-catch-can style for a purse of £10. Each won a fall, Griffiths securing his in two minutes, and in the second bout it took Young four minutes to gain his bout. In the deciding bout Griffiths won in 2min 30sec.

* * *

At Nice, March 27, the International Yachting Regatta was resumed. In the Prix de la Ville de Nice, for yachts above twenty tons, the Prince of Wales's Britannia took the lead at the outset, Valkyrie being second, and Oretta third. Bluerock had to give up not long after starting, having carried away her topmast with the gaff. The Britannia maintained her lead throughout, and finished eighteen minutes ahead of Valkyrie and twenty minutes in front of Oretta. In the Prix de la Jetée (Promenade), for yachts between one and two tons, Saccharissa, the only English yacht entered, beat Thérèse by nine minutes, and Coquelicot by thirteen minutes. The winners in the Prix de la Baie des Anges, for yachts of less than a ton, were Fifrelin, Zou, and Catherine.

* * *

The start for the Lincolnshire was an unfortunate one so far as Grey Leg and Macready were concerned, both being left standing when the flag fell; in fact, the head of Grey Leg was turned away when the signal was given. The Duke of Westminster's colt never had a chance to win the race. Arise was even more unfortunate, inasmuch as she received a kick from Victor Wild which broke one of her legs, and after a veterinary examination it was found to be so badly injured that she was destroyed.

* * *

The amateur athletes were out in full force on Easter Monday. The Essex Beagles (Southern Counties Cross-Country champions) had 3,000 spectators at Grays, where W. Endean (the Cornish champion walker, now of the Walthamstow Harriers) won the Two Miles Open Walk, with 220 yards start, with ease, the time not being taken. At the Stoke Newington Harriers' Sports, held at Romford, in the presence of an immense gathering, H. Watkins (the Southern Counties Cross-Country Champion) won the Three Miles Open Handicap from the 110 yards mark, in the fast time of 14min 33 2-5sec. At the Tee-To-Tum Athletic Club Sports at Stamford Hill, fully 5,000 people attended, attracted, doubtless, by the presence of F. E. Bacon, of the Ashton Harriers (one mile amateur champion). He finished second from scratch in the Two Miles Handicap to W. Goodger, 270 yards start, in 9min 33 3-5sec, Goodger winning by 15 yards. There was a large and fashionable attendance at the Mortlake Football Club Sports, where her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck distributed the prizes. W. Williams, of the Polytechnic Harriers (320 yards start) won the Open Two Miles Handicap in 9min 33 2-5sec. This was the best performance at the meeting. The Windsor and Eton Sports were well attended, and some good performances were seen. A very promising cyclist (H. W. Payne, of the West Roads, C.C.) won both the Mile and Two Miles Handicaps, the former with 45 and the latter with 35 yards start, despite penalties for previous wins. S. Cotterell, of the Thames Valley Harriers (Southern Counties junior champion, 1892), won the Two Miles Open Steeplechase from scratch in the fast time of 10min 41 1-5 sec. The Mayor of Windsor distributed the prizes.

* * *

A 120 yards foot race at the Sussex County Grounds, Brighton, March 29, between F. W. Tate, of the Sussex County eleven, and A. Hemming, of the Brunswick Cricket Club, for £10 a-side, created a great deal of local interest. Hemming, who received 8 yards start, won by four yards. On the last occasion the pair met Tate conceded 5 yards start and won easily.

* * *

T. Hankon, alias Daddy, a sporting boniface, of Smithwick, and Frank Lloyd, a well-known local sprinter, decided a fifty yards race at Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury, March 28, for £10 and a spread, Lloyd allowing his much older opponent 2½ yards start. Lloyd's trials had evidently pleased his supporters, for he was at once made a warm favourite at 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on. A capital start was effected, and Lloyd, running like a young 'un, caught his opponent after twenty yards. He kept alongside till ten yards from the worsted. He here easily spurted away, and won by half-a-yard.

* * *

The Græco-Roman wrestling match between Tom Cannon, of Liverpool, and George Rasso, Champion of Germany, for £200 and the championship drew a large crowd at Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool, March 29. Proceedings were opened with an exhibition of wrestling in the Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can styles by Falkner, of Tydsley, and Ted Reece, of Liverpool. These two gave a really clever display, and the result was a draw, Reece winning the Græco-Roman bout, and the Tydsley man the Lancashire style. The event of the evening followed. Mr. John Wilson acted as referee, and Mr. Dick Bennett kept time. Rasso had Sam Pickup, the well-known Lancashire wrestler, to second him, whilst Sam Nixon, of the Flat Iron Hotel, Liverpool, looked after Cannon's interests. Mr. Nixon has seconded Cannon successfully for his principal matches in Australia, and also all his contests in Liverpool. As soon as the above-named officials were selected, "Time" was called, and then ensued a great struggle, which lasted for 15min 30sec, when, to the surprise of nearly everyone in the Cirque, the German, by a clever movement, pinned Cannon to the floor, thereby gaining first fall. Ten minutes' interval was now allowed, at the expiration of which both men faced each other again. Cannon, in this bout, appeared to work with more discretion, and after he had held the "upper hand" of Rasso for 6min 25sec, Tom, by a dexterous movement, held the German with his two shoulders squarely on the ground. It was now one fall apiece, the next one to decide the contest. After the usual interval the men stepped on the carpet, and Cannon seemed much fresher than Rasso, who had been the receiver of much rough handling during the previous bout. Both men were soon struggling for the much coveted title, and after occupying a little more time than the second fall, Cannon managed to fasten the German to the floor and thereby gain the winning fall. On Cannon rising the winner, the ovation which greeted his successful efforts to retain the championship for England was one in which the vast audience rose to their feet, waving their hats while they cheered.

* * *

Turf Notes.

Mr. R. S. Evans, the well-known owner of racehorses, died of pleurisy, March 27, after a short illness.

* * *

Tom Loates has ridden two Lincolnshire Handicap winners. This feat has been equalled by four jockeys and only beaten by one. The late Harry Constable rode (Controversy and Touchet for Lord Rosebery, Charley Wood steered Knight of Burghley and Tonans in successive years, and James Woodburn was on the back of Fulmen and Lord George.

DEVOTEES TO EQUESTRIANISM.

Why People in the Various Stages Monopolise the Horse to Ride on.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Go in any portion of the world you will find people who dote on riding horseback. On our swell thoroughfares you will notice some who ride just to grow fat. They present an unenviable appearance, and the thin man who is on foot will congratulate himself for possessing better sense than exposing his frame astride a horse. Some ride just for health, and others to raise an appetite for breakfast. Occasionally in the country roads you will notice a happy couple cantering their steeds leisurely along. They ride in order to flirt conveniently in a romantic way. In the States you frequently see snobs riding through the principal swell thoroughfare trying to ape an Englishman. It may take his last penny to put on the style, but he does it just the same. Look into his private affairs, and you will find him buried

Up to His Neck in Obligations.

That don't hurt his feelings, neither does he walk the floor nights studying how he will ever liquidate. Not he; in fact those he is indebted to have to do the walking. The cowboy rides horseback just to shoot and raise the devil, whilst in all countries you will find the circus-rider who does it for a living. It is his only means of livelihood. The same may be said of the jockey. He rides to win a race, and the more wins he can score the greater fame he will attain. The stout people ride to reduce their weight, and the old man who has a young and attractive wife has to ride just to see that she doesn't flirt with some young man on the road. Occasionally you will see a swell astride a horse just to create a sensation, and he frequently does by being dismounted against his wish. Go the world over, and you will find people who enjoy riding out on horseback, and well they might, because it is an exercise most healthful and exhilarating, and whilst some may grow thin on it, others find it just the thing to grow stout on.

It's natural to be fond of a horse, and those who seek to enjoy the benefits of life and possess the wherewith, show a weakness for riding or driving out, and the bigger show they can make the better satisfied they are over their pleasures.

A BILK ROUGHLY HANDLED.

Sirens who Refused to give Credit Force a Settlement.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the vicinity of the Angel at Islington you will see most any hour of the day or night a woman well along in years who is a member of the demi-monde. She attires rather in a quiet way and does not accost anyone on the thoroughfare. Her modus operandi is to gaze in shop windows and cast alluring glances at passers by. If a man is in search of an unfortunate, he is naturally tempted to stop and glance in the same window. A few words pass, and an acquaintance immediately crops up. Where this woman resides there are three other viragoes, and if the catch is not up to her fancy she turns him over to one of the sirens. This happened to a young man the other afternoon. He was turned over to one of the others, and instead of producing the requisite sums of money, he made an effort to "bilk" the slave of his desires. A rumpus followed, in which the four took a hand, and the young man was pretty severely handled. He finally produced a few shillings—all his possessions—and considered himself fortunate to escape so easily.

The fallen woman of to-day is not what she was in the days gone by. It used to be the proper thing for the woman to fear the man; but of late the aspect has decidedly changed, and now the man fears the woman.

Polly: "Tottie has had triplets."

Sallie (absent-mindedly): "You don't tell me! Who are the fathers?"

SEEN AND HEARD.

A Manchester coach-builder, named Cooper, was mysteriously shot March 29. The bullet struck him in the head. Two boys were seen running away from the spot; but the police have not yet been able to throw any light upon the incident.

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Louis Michel regards Emile Henry as the offspring of the war of 1871, when the Communists were shot down like wild beasts, and the streets of Paris ran with blood. This fact and his excitable nature were sufficient to account for the Café Terminus outrage.

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The Czar of Russia was greatly irritated on learning recently that gambling on a large scale was carried on at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, and that enormous sums of money had been lost there. His Majesty has intimated his intention of ordering a modification of the club rules by which a certain limitation would be placed on the amounts to be staked by players.

* * *

At Leicester, a shoe finisher, Thomas Squires, aged forty-four, poured some powder into his beer at supper, telling his landlady it was medicine, and died during the night in great agony. Squires, who lived apart from his wife, had been drinking heavily of late, and was in consequence discharged from his work a week ago. He had been paying attention to a widow, who recently jilted him on discovering he was married.

* * *

The Anarchists are insuring their lives, so that those condemned will leave behind money to carry on their murderous crusade even out of the violent deaths of their members. Vaillant's death has brought "the cause" in London eight thousand pounds from one life insurance company, and it is said the lives of Pawels and Henry are also insured. If this is true—and it is in print—it opens up a lively prospect. Eight thousand pounds will pay for many bombs.

* * *

William Newman, whom many will remember as a leading English cricketer, died a few days ago at Berkhamstead, where he lived a very simple life, his habits being almost penurious. It now appears that he has left bequests amounting to £11,000. The four Nonconformist chapels in the town, also the parish church, are each to receive £400. He also bequeaths £400 additional to the Baptist Church, of which he was a member.

* * *

With regard to the action being taken to suppress Stundism, a Moscow correspondent says a peasant named Sylvester Mouzh, in the province of Kief, has been arrested, imprisoned, and sentenced to deprivation of all rights, and banishment to the Caucasus. Previous to his trial he was subjected to most barbarous treatment in prison. He was confined in a subterranean room or dungeon, in which lime had been scattered about. Lime is also said to have been placed in his food. His sufferings are described as terrible.

* * *

At Nottingham, on March 27, Walter Smith, a fitter, was executed for shooting a nurse named Catherine Cross. The young woman was employed at a hospital in Liverpool, and was shot by Smith, for no apparent reason, while inspecting a Nottingham factory along with him. The execution was made the occasion of an Easter holiday outing. A crowd of over 6,000 people travelled out to Bagthorpe Gaol to see the hoisting of the black flag. The man protested innocence to the last moment, and maintained that the revolver went off by accident.

* * *

During the race for the Altcar Four-Year-Old Steeplechase at Liverpool, March 29, a curious incident occurred. Scotch Bride led to the fourth fence, where she fell, and Lord Molyneux, who was riding the filly, sustained a slight concussion of the brain. Peter the Packer then went on to the first fence by the canal, where he refused, and could not be induced to proceed further. Scotch Bride was subsequently caught, mounted by Mr. J. C. Cheney, who completed the course upon her, and was placed first by the judge. The placing was subsequently confirmed by the stewards.

A priest named Allaire, who lately visited some of the villages on the right bank of the River Ubangi, in Africa, reports that cannibalism prevails to a frightful extent among these people, it even being a custom to bring slaves to market in order that they may be sold like butcher's meat. Persons who were unable to purchase a whole slave bought an arm or a leg or the head, as the case might be, and marked it off with a piece of chalk, and when the whole of the unfortunate victim had been selected he was killed and the portions as chosen were distributed among the customers.

* * *

At noon on March 30, a gruesome discovery was made in the cellar of some premises in Lombard Street, Bouverie Street. The premises belong to Serjeant's Inn, and are used for the storage of waste paper. A man descended into the cellar with a sack of paper, and in the semi-darkness he knocked against a dangling body. Thinking at first someone was playing him a trick, he flung a packet of papers at the object, which he immediately afterwards discovered to be the body of a boy of the working class hanging to a beam. The lad had been employed by Mr. Dubble in Serjeant's Inn.

* * *

At Bow Street police-court March 30, Bryan John Dennis Molloy, 60, was charged on remand with bigamy. It was alleged at previous hearings that the accused had married Emma Jane Ray Moreton during the lifetime of his first wife, Jane Molloy, and that he had entered into four other marriages, for which he had been sentenced to imprisonment. Mr. Fravling prosecuted; Mr. Crawshaw defended. Julia Wogan, of 1a, James Street East, Dublin, testified as to the accused having lived in Dublin with his first wife, and the registrar of marriages in Dublin was called to prove the marriage of prisoner to Jane Molloy, by production of the official entry, to which it was stated all the witnesses were dead. Molloy was committed for trial.

* * *

A druggist's clerk, fifteen and a half years old, named George Arthur Cross, determined to spend Easter in his own way. No football, or cricket or "larking" for him. He went to Blackheath, ate thirty oranges, a whole cocoanut, and a mince pie, washing them down with cider and mineral water champagne. Returning to London, he had tea at a coffee-shop, and then went to the South London Music Hall, laughed heartily, and at eleven p.m. took some lemonade and cake. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination said that death was due to cerebral apoplexy, probably brought on by the overloaded condition of the stomach. Mr. Braxton Hicks, the coroner, thought it was an extraordinary case, and the jury said "Natural causes."

* * *

At Jarrow, March 28, Miss Kathleen O'Brady Jones, daughter of the Rev. O'Brady Jones, vicar of St. Luke's, Wallsend-on-Tyne, met with her death under tragic circumstances. She had been taking part in a rehearsal for a concert which was to have been held this evening, and was leaving the hall with friends when a boy named Dewar, aged fifteen, presented a revolver with which he was playing and pulled the trigger, under the impression that it was unloaded. The weapon went off, the bullet being lodged in the girl's right temple. She died half an hour later. The revolver belonged to another lad, and was only purchased that morning. Dewar, who is the son of respectable parents residing in the neighbourhood, is now in custody. The affair seems to have been purely accidental.

* * *

Advices received at San Antonio, Texas, from the village of Ecchio, on the border, report an atrocious lynching of a negro woman for the supposed murder of a white child. The negress, who made no attempt to escape, but who was seized by the lynchers while giving food to one of her own infants, stoutly maintained her innocence. In spite of her denials she was taken to an open lot leading to a steep incline of nearly a quarter of a mile, and was made to look on while a number of men drove nails through a large empty barrel so that the points stood up inside. She was then pitched into the barrel, and the ends were closed. Then, amidst the shrieks of the unfortunate woman and the yells of the lynchers, the barrel was started rolling down the hill. The poor woman was a shocking spectacle when taken from the barrel, and almost instantly died. Her body was subsequently hanged to a tree and riddled with bullets. There is reason to suppose she was quite innocent of the crime imputed to her.

"What is Benkins doing for a living?" said the inquisitive man.

"Nothing."

"How long has he been unemployed?"

"H'm, I—er—don't know Benkins's exact age."

* * *

Elderly Maiden: "This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time."

Elderly Lover: "Time, Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare?"

STAGE TALK.

Mdlle. Bob Walker will continue

Her Dance

amongst the lions in the cage at the Royal Aquarium. Mr. De Ratzen has ruled that the lion is not a domesticated animal, hence there can be no charge for cruelty, besides the claim of maltreating the caged lions has been strenuously denied.

* * *

R. G. Knowles is filling Easter holiday engagements at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Edinburgh, where he is quite a favourite. He returns shortly to his old stumping ground—The Tivoli.

* * *

Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have returned home after a successful tour in the States.

* * *

The following is the cast arranged by Mr. Oscar Barrett for the American tour of the Lyceum pantomime of "Cinderella":—Cinderella, Miss Ellaline Terriss; Thisbe, Mr. Seymour Hicks; Clorinda, Mr. Fred Eastman; Baron Pumpolino, Mr. Harry Parker; Baroness, Miss Minnie Inch; Pedro, Mr. Reuben Inch; Prince Felix, Miss Kate Chard; Dandini, Miss Katie Barry; Fernando, Miss Florrie Harmon; the Grand Chamberlain, Mr. Deane Brand; the Black Cat, Mr. David Abrahams; the Wood Pigeon (première danseuse), Miss Louie Loveday; the Fairy of the Slipper, Miss Victoria Inch; the Fairy Godmother, Miss Elsie Irving. The costumes throughout have been entirely renovated, and the Boudoir Scene is new.

* * *

At Liverpool, March 30, a serious accident occurred to a party returning from Aintree Races. The principal artistes engaged in the pantomime at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, accompanied by a few friends, drove to Aintree, to see the Grand National Steeplechase. On returning, and when near their journey's end, one of the wheels of the four-in-hand in which they were sitting collapsed and the vehicle rolled over, precipitating all those on top, twelve in number, to the ground. The police were soon on the spot, and it was discovered that seven persons were apparently serious sufferers. The ambulance was telephoned for, and the injured removed to the Northern Hospital, where it was discovered that Mr. Arthur Wilkinson, comedian, who plays the Bad Baron in the pantomime, had sustained a severe fracture of the base of the skull, and was unconscious. His condition is most critical. Mr. Fred Williams, who plays one of the sisters, had sustained a fractured collar bone, and had two ribs fractured. Mrs. Williams had one arm broken. Miss Jenny Rogers, the Cinderella of the pantomime, was suffering from severe sprain of the ankle and nervous shock to the system. Mr. E. W. Coleman and three of the artistes had to be assisted home. Mr. Charles, a jeweller, and Mr. Gregory, proprietor of the Waterloo Hotel, who accompanied the party, also had a severe shaking. After being medically attended at the hospital all the patients were removed to their lodgings with the exception of Mr. Wilkinson, who remains in the institution. When the curtain rose on the opening of the pantomime Mr. M'Neill, the manager, informed the audience of the accident, and asked whether it was their wish that the pantomime should proceed in the absence of the principals, and the reply was in the affirmative. The performance then commenced, the places of the principals being occupied by their understudies.

Tramp: "Give me a Tanner, please. I haven't had anything to eat in three days."

Citizen: "Shake, old man. My wife's been doing the cooking too about that long."

* * *

"Miss Higginspike seems to be singularly unimpressionable."

"Unimpressionable? She's adamant. That woman could sit with a barrel of sliced onions under her nose and hear Ada Rehan play for a whole evening and not shed a tear."

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

William Rye, a lad, was sentenced at Markcross, Sussex, March 27, to two years to a reformatory school for attempting to wreck trains on the L. B. and S. C. Railway near Rotherfield.

* * *

The oldest man in America is a negro living in Osage City, Mo. His name is Richard Hoops, and he was born in Chatham County, N.C., December 20, 1770. He is therefore a hundred and twenty-three years old.

* * *

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by a severe system of fasting and exercise, massage, and training like a sporting man, succeeds in keeping her waist measure to twenty inches, in spite of her fifty-six years. And there are some foolish persons in the world who will think that a queen might have a rather more laudable ambition than this.

* * *

A man named John Pattenson, who was regarded as the leader of Cumberland poachers, met with a frightful death March 29. He was out poaching near Carlisle, and in attempting to elude the keepers fell into a quarry 60ft deep and was dashed to pieces. Pattenson had spent many years of his life in prison, and was on bail awaiting trial on a charge of highway robbery.

* * *

Advices from Rome are to the effect that a cruel double murder has occurred at Mascari, where the well-known brigand chief Delogu murdered his young wife and a man with whom he suspected she had been unfaithful. The brigands at Usini have murdered Signor Merling, a rich man, and member of the municipal council. He had advocated active steps for the suppression of the brigand band.

* * *

Arthur W. J. Wicks, the defendant in the "lady barber's" breach of promise suit, was committed for trial from Hampstead on a charge of false pretences. He is alleged to have obtained £150 from Mr. C. H. Wheatley, of Bloomsbury, by representing that the furniture and effects at Transvaal House, Hampstead, belonged to him, whereas his wife was the rightful owner under a marriage settlement.

* * *

The Vennel, which is a steep thoroughfare leading from Grassmarket to Lauriston, Edinburgh, was on Easter Monday successfully climbed by Prince Bendou, who is widely known through his hill-climbing feats. The cyclist was attended by a considerable crowd of spectators, including many Glasgow excursionists. The gradient of the slope is one in three, and the journey was accomplished in 21sec. The "safety" which was ridden had Clincher tyres, and was geared to 56.

* * *

Before concluding the Liverpool Assizes, March 26, Mr. Justice Day passed deferred sentences upon several prisoner previously convicted of robbery with violence. Nine were sentenced to be flogged in addition to undergoing terms of imprisonment. The heaviest sentence was two floggings of twelve lashes each, the others ranging from eighteen to fifteen lashes in a single flogging. Two Eccleston colliers, for assaulting and kicking a constable who served them with summonses, were sentenced to twelve and ten years respectively. Mary Holliwell, for inflicting a wound on her husband's throat with a razor, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

* * *

At Birmingham Police-court, March 27, Harry Adderley was charged with attempting to murder his wife. The prisoner and his wife had been separated for some time; on the 19th ult. he visited her, and they resumed cohabitation. In the morning the accused directed her attention to a corner of the bedroom and took advantage of her turning her head to make an attack on her with a razor; he drew it across her throat, but before he could inflict a fatal wound the woman caught hold of the razor and struggled so desperately that the blade was broken in her hands, which were severely cut. The prisoner went away, but he was arrested on the same day at Coventry. The wound in the woman's throat was not deep, and she only remained in hospital for a few days. The accused was committed for trial, bail being refused

AROUND THE RING.

DIXON "FLOPPED" OUT.

Kentucky Rosebud does the Trick.

Corbett's visit to England.

Belfast Spider no match for Griffo.

Coffee Cooler beats the Cyclone.

Fitzsimmons Scores a Win.

THOSE who keep well posted on ring matters and have carefully followed up the warfare between George Dixon and Billy Plimmer admit that Plimmer has, up to date, been the only one prepared to do battle, and that the black is on the retrograde. Tom O'Rourke, as manager of the black, has been kept busy fighting off possible matches in order to maintain his man for show purposes only. Where a few months ago all the New York papers took sides with O'Rourke, and freely aired his utterances, they now realise that such proceedings are averse to public opinion and matters must be presented in a more impartial light. The New York Press refers to Dixon "as a mongrel champion. His manager will not match Dixon to meet Griffin at the feather-weight limit, nor would he match him against Plimmer, weigh in at 8st 4lb at the ring-side. Dixon is admittedly a clever fighter, but he has never fought a championship battle at either the bantam or feather-weight limits. Dixon's manager is forever playing a sure money game. When he knows the dice are loaded and that they will turn in his favour no matter how cast, he is as bold as any sure thing gambler. But catch him when he is in receipt of no favours and he will crawl into his hole, as he has often done in the past, and as he will often do in the future."

* * *

ACCORDING to a cablegram, Dixon was knocked senseless at Philadelphia, March 23, by Walter Edgerton, and was dead to the world for four minutes; and still the contest was declared drawn. Edgerton is a coloured boxer, more familiarly known as the "Kentucky Rosebud," and though he has taken on all feather-weights in four-round bouts in Philadelphia he never devoted a moment's time to training. If Edgerton put Dixon out for four minutes, then Plimmer, unless he has lost all his form, should wipe Dixon off the face of the earth.

* * *

PLIMMER need not go hungry for a fight, however, even if Dixon don't condescend to a fair match, because Charley Kelly wants to do battle with Plimmer for a suitable purse and a side bet. Kelly can fight comfortably at 7st 10lb, so that he would be a smaller man than Plimmer. He is a punishing hitter, and has plenty of substantial backing amongst the New York sports.

* * *

THE old saying goes that advertising is a sure road to success, and with a public man it matters not what is said about him so long as his name is kept before the people. Let the papers decline to mention the name of any one prominent and he soon fails to prove an attraction. The Yankee papers are not in any way disconcerted over an error, and so long as they can print something readable they are satisfied, and the public don't complain either. Facts are of but little moment; sensation is what is most required, and the paper that "paints" up a murder or scandal in the most sensational manner is the one the public cry for. Fighters are therefore compelled to heap any amount of abuse on their brother professionals in order to keep notorious, and the newspapers disregard facts so long as they can print what they term "exclusives." It is the "exclusives" that advertise, and advertising is what both seek.

* * *

As a sample of how close to the truth they come, we reproduce an extract from a New York paper, which says:—"The Drury Lane is the most celebrated theatre in the world, and no boxer has ever appeared on its stage. It is besides one of the largest theatres in London, and should Corbett make the hit his friends predict he will there's no telling how much money he will bring back. Surely the novelty of an American star carrying home a few trunks full of English money will be appreciated. The Queen has a box of one side of the Drury Lane, and the Prince of Wales usually occupies the one directly opposite."

* * *

No one will question the celebrity of the Drury Lane, but we do the fact that Corbett will be the first fighter to tread the "boards" of that establishment. From a journal, published in 1821, we quote:—"There was some excellent sparring at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday, June 25. Ben Burn and Shelton made a very scientific display, and drew forth much applause. Randall and Turner gave some of the best specimens of the flooring system, as did Belasco and Harry Holt. Martin set to with an amateur from Norwich, who had none the worst of it. He is a powerful young man, and awake to science."

* * *

Now if Burn, Shelton, Randall, Turner, Belasco, Holt, and Martin were not fighters, or, to modify the term, boxers, what were they? It will indeed be a decided novelty if any fighter finds it necessary to resort to a few trunks for the purpose of transporting his money. Possibly if the "takings" of the tour are converted into coppers, a trunk or two would then be necessary to convey the English money; but as gold and bank-notes are current money here, it is likely that Corbett will prefer the gold or paper to the copper.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN created a bigger craze in this kingdom than any pugilist that ever came here, and he only netted £2,400 in his fifty-two exhibitions. Jake Kilrain was satisfied to clear £50 per week, Peter Jackson did a trifle better, and George Dixon's tour was a complete failure.

* * *

CHAMPION CORBETT will realise a handsome profit on his engagement in this country, because he is the best American fighting man that ever came here, and besides, he is intelligent and a gentleman, too. He will not, however, become round-shouldered or break his back handling trunks full of money, as the Yankee paper anticipates.

* * *

A MAN who can't whip little Billy McCarthy, the Australian, "him as we had here" a few years ago, can hardly be classed as a suitable subject to pose as a middle-weight champion. Dick Moore, who fought a draw with Dan Creedon, was unable, in the town of his own adoption—Boston—March 13, to get better than a draw after fighting ten rounds. It occurred at the Cribb Club rooms with small gloves, and the shining light of the club is the manager of Moore—pretty good evidence that McCarthy was given none the best of it.

* * *

WHEN a man gets on the shady side of fifty years of age there can't be much pleasure in seeing him engage in a glove fight, therefore we regret to notice that Dan Crutchley, a clever prize-ring veteran who has won over a score of fights in the old style in years gone by, is seeking a match with anyone in the world at 10st, providing his age exceeds fifty years.

* * *

DAN came from fighting stock, his brother Bodger being one of the tried veterans of thirty years ago. In the palmy days of The Crutchleys Birmingham supplied some good men—in fact, they were all champions that came from that district in those days; but of late the Birmingham fighting stock has deteriorated, and when a Brum takes on a Londoner now it is odds on the Cockney.

* * *

SPEAKING of Dan brings us back to the old times, when a pugilist had to be a thorough fighter to the backbone before he would command the recognition of the sporting element. Those who indulged freely in newspaper gossip were thought but little of; in fact, few of the old timers ever bothered perusing the papers, preferring as much secrecy as possible in their match-making efforts. They anticipated plenty of fight and little money; nowadays it is get as much money as possible, with limited amount of fighting.

* * *

WHEN John C. Heenan came to this country some thirty-one years ago, we had in the metropolis thirty-one sporting resorts where a lover of boxing could go and obtain all the latest fighting news of the day. In those good old times we could sip our pot of beer, and have more enjoyment in one evening sizing up the pugilists than we can now in a month's travel. The majority of the shining lights of those days have long since sought permanent rest in the place from whence no man returns.

* * *

IT was at the tail end of that year when Heenan's colours were lowered by Tom King in twenty-four rounds, lasting thirty-five minutes, for £2,000, and created so much talk on the part of the Yankees over the result. It placed a damper on pugilism in the States, because seven years' time had elapsed ere an important match was fought there, and that was the battle in which Jem Mace vanquished Tom Allen near New Orleans, on the morning of May 10, 1870, in ten rounds, for 5,000 dols. and the championship.

* * *

LOOKING back to thirty-one years ago, we find that Jem Burn kept the Rising Sun, Air Street, Piccadilly; George Bryer, Black Horse, Oxendon Street, Haymarket; Harry Brunton, George and Dragon, Beech Street, Barbican; Harry Broome, Crown and Cushion, Russell Street, Covent Garden; George Brown, Bell, Red Lion Market; Fred Beckwith, Good Intent, Lambeth; T. Bunyan, Hand-in-Hand, Princess Street, London Road; John Brown, Sugar Loaf, King Street, Drury Lane; Dan Collins, Bricklayers' Arms, Bermondsey; F. Chandler, Red Lion, Borough; Peter Crawley, Queen's Head, Smithfield; J. Ferriman, Graham Arms, City Road; Jesse Hatton, Champion Stores, Paddington; D. Ives, Dover Castle, Blackfriars Road; Nat Langham, Mitre, St. Martin's Lane; Alec Keene, Three Tuns, Soho; Jem Mace, King John, Shoreditch; Mike Madden, Little Bell, Clerkenwell; Harry Orme, Jane Shore, Shoreditch; Harry Phelps, White Horse, Grays-in-Lane; Joe Phelps, Blackney's Head, Islington; Jem Pudney, Coach and Horses, Whitechapel; Bill Richardson, Blue Anchor, Shoreditch; Joe Rowe, Grapes, Spitalfields; Owen Swift, Horse Shoe, Haymarket; Jemmy Shaw, Queen's Head, Haymarket; Jesse Smith, Peacock, Maiden Lane, Strand; W. Tupper, Greyhound, Waterloo Road; Bos Tyler, Turk's Head, Bethnal Green; Jem Ward, King's Arms, Whitechapel Road; T. Wilson, Spotted Dog, Strand.

* * *

AT that time, any pugilist coming here for business would seek one of those resorts, make known his wants, and get accommodated. Old Bill Richardson always had a "stable" full, and no man could say that he was unable to get on a fight after once paying Bill a visit.

* * *

FIGHTING was not the only game, but a visit to Beckwith's would be productive of a swimming race; or, if it were a runner, he had only to make known his desires at Jem Pudney's. As the land lies at present, a fighter would find it a difficult matter to get accommodated, providing he was above the 10st class; a runner would be forced to express his wishes through the mediums of the Press, as would a swimmer.

* * *

WHAT a transformation has taken place between the days of Heenan's visit to this country and the proposed visit of Corbett! The latter, however, is more entitled to championship honours than Heenan ever dared to be. The Benicia Boy had only a punishing left, and when that member got stove up his fighting ended. He possessed a magnificent physique, but was withal far from being a tough, rugged man. He would have made a good man at Queensberry rules.

* * *

PUGILISTS as punishing hitters are now in advance of what they were in those days. Corbett is a splendid specimen of the modern style pugilist, and depends on hard scientific punching rather than rugged work at wrestling. Though we understand he is clever at that game too.

* * *

OLD JEM MACE is conducting a billiard-room at Brighton, and if his terms are not too extravagant he will likely appear in Corbett's corner in the boxing scene in "Gentleman Jack," when the champion shows in this country. Mace has some very good friends in New York City, and one in particular, having been a supporter of Corbett in the recent fight at Florida, requests Corbett to engage Mace for this country just to show that, although the old veteran was ignored by John L. Sullivan, Americans have not forgotten Jem's sterling worth as a ring-general, and want to hear of the young champion recognising England's champion of the days of yore.

* * *

IKE O'NEIL WEIR, the Belfast Spider, and "Young Griffo," who is matched to fight George Dixon to a finish, met in what was to have been an eight-round bout in the Second Regiment Armory, Chicago, U.S.A., March 17. The contest was stopped by the police in the third round, and referee George Siler gave the decision to "Griffo." Weir was like a paper ball before the Australian. Only once during the bout did the Spider touch his man, and then it was so light that it had no effect.

The fight was fast from the start, and Weir had no opportunity to display his monkey antics. He was clarly floored nine times in the second round, and three times he remained down to the limit. In the third round he was knocked down twice in quick succession, and the knock-out was so inevitable within another few seconds that Inspector Shea ordered the fighters to stop. The armory was fitted with arena seats, and 6,500 persons were present.

* * *

FRED MORRIS, the Cyclone, and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, middle-weights of colour, fought to a finish with small gloves near New York city recently, for an advertised purse of 1,000 dollars. Tickets were sold at 5dols each, and 330dols were taken in, of which the winner got 158dols and the loser 39dols, the manager receiving the balance of the 330dols for his trouble. Both displayed the utmost gameness and fought savagely through the first ten rounds, with advantages in favour af Craig when Morris landed a heavy blow on the heart, knocking him down. He arose rather shaky and resorted to hugging, going down repeatedly to kill time. Gradually recovering, Craig assumed the aggressive, and in the seventeenth round he landed a right-hander on the jaw which dazed the Cyclone. In the eighteenth round Morris was so badly beaten that the referee stopped the battle and declared Craig the winner. Craig then walked to the centre of the ring and shouted: "Gemman, folks says dat I'm nuffin' but a fo'-roun' fightah. Now I could 'a knocked Mr. Morris out in the fo'th or fif' roun'."

* * *

ON Staten Island, New York, March 14 a prize-fight was decided between Pat Burke, of Hoboken, and Alf Hanlon, of Manchester, England. The latter claims to have stood off Ted Pritchard in a four-round "go." Both men were a trifle over the middle-weight limit. In the thirty-fifth round Hanlon landed a hard left-hander on the stomach, and followed it up with a vicious right on the jaw, which knocked Burke senseless.

* * *

A LARGE crowd attended the Armory at St. Louis, U.S.A., recently, to see Bob Fitzsimmons spar with Jack Selzner, a local heavy-weight. Over 3,000dols. were taken at the door. Fitzsimmons had things all his own way for the four rounds. After the bout Fitzsimmons announced he would meet any man in the world, barring Peter Jackson. An attachment for 985dols. was sworn out by the American Lithographing Company of New York against Fitzsimmons, but nothing could be found to levy on.

* * *

A PRIZE fight came off in the Armley district of Leeds, March 27, between Joe Ives, a Leeds pugilist, and Smash Manion, a young Birmingham pugilist. Eighteen rounds were fought, occupying one hour and ten minutes, after which Ives was declared the winner. The Birmingham man was terribly mauled. The police arrived too late to stop the fight or to take anyone into custody.

* * *

HARRY WILLIAMS was given a benefit at the Kilburn Gymnasium on March 27, when Jack Marney defeated Harry Heath in an eight-round battle and a six-round contest between Billy Davis and Jumbo Patch was awarded to the latter.

* * *

TED PYE disposed of Ben Mantle in the final bout of an 8st competition at the Red Cross, Bethnal Green, on March 24.

* * *

MANAGER JOHN FLEMING has arranged his programme for April for the National Sporting Club entertainments. The features include a twenty-round contest, April 9, between Walter Eyles and Walter Butler; one on April 16, between Bert Bolton and Bill Roberts, and an 8st competition; three six-round contests April 23; and a twenty-rounds battle between Tom Denny, of Australia, and Jack Murphy, of London, April 30.

* * *

IN eight-round contests at Bill Lee's Gymnasium, Bermondsey, March 24, Bill Wond was beaten by Jack Goldswain, and Jack Tracey acknowledged defeat before Andrew Regan.

* * *

WALTER EDGERTON, the Kentucky Rosebud, has had one taste of George Dixon, and came off with flying honours. So confident is he that he can whip Dixon in a finish fight that he has found backing to the extent of 5,000dols. for a match. The black Rosebud don't say he would have a cake walk with Dixon, but believes that he is capable of meting out sufficient gruel to George to bring him off a winner over the champion.

* * *

THAT old, well-tried veteran, Jack Hicks, "him as fought Joe Nolan," the light-weight wonder of days gone by, was tendered a well-deserved benefit at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, March 29. Many of the old school mingled with the modern section, and in the company were Joe Rowe, Alf. Mitchell, W. Pearce, Dave Cable, Sam Baxter, Fred Johnson, Bill Davis, Jem Stevens, Little "Kitty," T. Leigh, Jem Young, Arthur Valentine, George Dove, Jack Hibberd, Alf Gower, Billy Howes, Joe Hackett, and Jem Howes. From a financial standpoint the affair was not a success, though Hicks is entitled to recognition, for his past performances would show him to have been a thorough fighter. An interesting programme was gotten through, the principal event being a bout in which G. Wallace defeated G. Wood in four rounds.

* * *

ARTHUR VALENTINE is desirous of showing the public that he is capable of defeating any man in the world at his weight—9st 6lb—and to that end seeks a match with Stanton Abbott, Martin Denny, or any first-class man, here or abroad, at even weight, for £200 a-side.

* * *

W. A. BRADY, manager of James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, arrived in London from the States, March 28, and the following morning called at our offices. "Corbett and party will sail on the *Furst Bismarck*, April 12," said Mr. Brady, "and

will open at the Drury Lane, April 21, in 'Gentleman Jack.' The party will include Bobby Gaylor, one of the cleverest comedians in America, Florrie West, and Sadie McDonald, who are to do speciality turns. The play shall be revised to suit the English people. After our engagement at the Drury Lane we shall make a tour of the provinces, touching only the large cities."

In addition to the performers, Mr. Corbett will be accompanied by his father and mother, trainer William Delaney, sparring partner John Donaldson, and John M'Vey, the trio who assisted him in his preparation for the fight at Jacksonville. James Corbett is, I am pleased to say, passionately fond of his father and mother. He is bringing them 6,000 miles so that they may see their old home once more. They will travel first-class every step from San Francisco to England and back. It is, as you say, an expensive trip, but Corbett does not mind the outlay so long as he can give pleasure to his parents. After paying a visit to England, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, sen., will go to Tuam, in Ireland, where they were born.

* * *

"At Tuam, Corbett and the company give a free entertainment. You will find Corbett make a favourable impression, not only as a boxer, but as a private individual. He is an upright man, fair and square in all his dealings. When he defeated Sullivan his father had a mortgage of 7,500 dols. on his property. The first thing Corbett did on getting his money the next day was to telegraph that amount to his parents so that they could lift the mortgage." Mr. Brady paid a visit to the National Sporting Club, March 29, and had a conference with Mr. John F. Fleming, and it is probable that some agreement will be reached for the match between Corbett and Jackson to occur there in the autumn.

* * *

Goody York, the 8st 8lb champion of the Eastern Counties, will be the recipient of a testimonial at the Corn Exchange, Colchester, on April 23 and 24. A gigantic programme has been arranged, and, if good rugged contests are any criterion, the affair is sure to be a success. Exhibitions of wrestling, club swinging, and swordsmanship will form the preliminary portion of the programme on both evenings, and the principal events eight and twelve round contests between men evenly matched and in good condition. Those who have been engaged for the eight round bouts include Dummy Winters, of Australia, and Jack Gover, of Edmonton, at 9st 6lb. For the twelve round battles, Buckingham and Richardson, both of Bloomsbury, will meet at 7st 6lb; Dick Miles, of Bermondsey, and W. Phipps, of Horsleydown, at 8st 4lb; Arthur Summers, of Reading, and Harry Lyons, of Wood Green, at 9st; and Bob Seager, of Bermondsey, and Ted Mitchell, of Lambeth, at 7st 6lb. An efficient referee will be selected to judge the bouts.

MISS MAY HETHERINGTON.

Clever Soubrette and Pantomime Favourite.

(With Portrait.)

By being clever in her line of business and attractive—nay, handsome—Miss May Hetherington has made herself a favourite wherever she has played. Being born in Manchester Miss May naturally has a desire to perform as close to her home as possible, hence her Liverpool successes. She took to the stage five years ago, and, since her first appearance, has made a success in the various parts she has performed, among them being the title-role in "Naughty Titania," second boy in the pantomime at the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, principal boy and principal girl in the "Virtuous Heroine," a heavy lead, and ragged boy.

It may be said to her credit that on tour for four years she has played in but one company—that of Martin Adeson's—and ingratiated herself into the good will of the theatre-goers throughout the kingdom, being a pronounced favourite at Belfast, Dublin, Plymouth, and Liverpool.

During the pantomime season which has just closed she was principal girl in the pantomime "Aladdin" at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth.

Miss Hetherington is a pleasant conversationalist, and inclined to assume a modest mien when spoken to about her capabilities on the stage. "I have just closed my engagement," said Miss Hetherington, "and am as yet undecided whether or no I shall go on tour. No; I have never experienced any hardships in theatrical life, because it has been my good fortune to play with successful companies. Will James Corbett make a success at the Drury Lane? That is hard to say. Of course, he is a boxing man, and no doubt people will flock to see him out of curiosity; his future in England would then depend upon his ability as an actor. Yes, I'm naturally fond of the stage, but I presume that is due to being successful. The public are very peculiar in their way. If they take to an actor or actress prosperity follows, but should they not take the notion it is uphill work to gain popularity.

KING OF AMERICAN GIPSIES DEAD.

Bendigo, King of American Gipsies, died at San Francisco, of pneumonia, March 3, aged 57 years.

Immediately after his death the body was taken to the morgue, and the members of his band set about to destroy every vestige of the belongings of the late King. His tent, which had been pitched at the end of Point Lobos avenue, near Golden Gate Park, was ignited, with all its contents, and for several hours a blue wreath of smoke marked the spot which for several weeks had been the home of the nomad King. The pots, pans, dishes, and kettles which fire would not destroy were afterwards gathered from the ashes and broken in pieces. This is in accordance with an ancient custom of the gipsies, who are superstitious about having any of the belongings of the dead about.

Bendigo's real name was Hameline Palmer, and he was born in London, England, his ancestors for many generations before him having been gipsies. For over 100 years the Palmers have roamed over southern Europe, and have been regarded as the most curious and picturesque in their characteristics of all the gipsies.

Over twenty-five years ago Bendigo and a number of his followers landed at New York from an emigrant ship. The King had some money and bought a team and waggon and set forth on his travels. He visited nearly every State in the Union, at last reaching California. There, for many years, it was his custom to winter in the outskirts of the city of San Francisco, and each spring set out on his travels. He had always lived in a tent, whether in a city or out of it.

For many years here he was a dealer in horses. For a long time he supplied all the horses needed by the street car lines in 'Frisco. These lines used thousands of them, for the life of a horse, however tough the animal may be, is short on the rough cobble stones. In trading and buying horses old King Bendigo made a great deal of money, and for a long time he lived in a royal way. He bought a wonderful waggon, constructed by his own order and according to his own notion, and in this he made his pilgrimages. It was a gorgeously painted, covered vehicle, and was said to have cost 30,000 dols. At this time the King was at the height of his prosperity. In the magnificent waggon, which was made of rare woods from different parts of the world, he set out across the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains for the East. Many went with him.

Somewhere on the Missouri River, near Plattsmouth, one night, Bendigo's wife, famous as the gipsy queen, was shot by a renegade gipsy. She lingered a few hours and died. The king brought her remains back and interred them in the Mountain View Cemetery here. Up to that time, now eight years ago, the king had floated for some years on a tidal wave of prosperity. His wealth from his speculation in horses was estimated in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. He owned no real estate, for, after the manner of the gipsies, he was prejudiced against that, and his money he kept in the banks. Everybody knew the gipsy king, and his check was good for any amount.

When his wife died, however, his luck began to change. He got to be a frequent visitor at the Bay District and other racing tracks; but his affiliation with the bookmakers was not productive of success. He lost heavily, and the gay 30,000 dols waggon which had been the wonder whereever it was driven was sacrificed for about one-tenth of its cost. At the same time the cable and electric cars, which had been largely substituted in San Francisco for horse cars, cut off the demand for horses, and, consequently, the profits which the king had derived in furnishing the animals.

Bendigo took to himself another wife, a Mrs. Wharton, of Sacramento, member of another band of gipsies, but his ill luck still attended him. However, the king never repined. He took his losses with the same cheerful spirit that he did his winnings, lived in his tent, smoked his pipe, and seemed to enjoy life.

What is considered remarkable in connection with his death, aside from his picturesque history, is that he should succumb to pneumonia, after having all his life lived in the open air and encountered all kinds of weather. He was a big, burly man, weighing 18st, and had never till two or three days before his death known any illness. An hour before he passed away he left his tent to curry one of his horses. He was weak, and did not stay out long. When some of the gipsies came in afterward they found the king only just breathing, and in a few minutes he was gone.

Who will be the successor of the king is not now known. The old man's grave is beside that of his first wife in Mountain View, near 'Frisco. He left four or five daughters back in England and now grown, who have married into the different gipsy tribes of the Pacific coast. He also left, in addition to his second wife, five or six little tots, who are in much grief over the death of King Bendigo.

MR. CHARLES GEORGE WOOD,

Retired Amateur Champion Sprinter, Who Holds Several Records.

(With Portrait.)

Mr. Charles George Wood, retired Champion Amateur Sprinter, holds records at 150, 220, and 300 yards, was born at Marston, Norfolk, March 20, 1861, and is, therefore, 33 years of age. He stands 5ft 11in, and scaled, in running gear, 13st 4lb.

He took to the cinder path in 1880, and won all the prizes offered for short races at local meetings, but did not attain prominence till Easter Monday, 1883, when he defeated the champion, the late W. G. Phillips, in a 100 yards race, on level terms, at Woodbridge. Joining the London Athletic Club that year, he won off the 8 yards mark, the 220 yards handicap. The following season he was beaten for the 100 and 440 yards championships by J. M. Cowie at Aston Lower Grounds. Many claimed that Wood won the 100 yards, but the judges decided in Cowie's favour. At the International Meeting held at Lillie Bridge that year he was beaten by L. E. Myers and Cowie in the 100 and 440 yards. He subsequently defeated Waldron, the American sprinter, in a 120 yards race at Aston; won the 100 and 440 yards challenge cups of the L.A.C., defeating Levick and Stuart-Howard; beat F. T. Ritchie for the Stourbridge Cup at 120 yards. Illness prevented Mr. Wood from running in 1885, but in 1886 he was trained by C. Ransom and won the 220 yards handicap at Huddersfield off the 3 yards mark, defeating Cowie and Wharton. At the Championship Meeting held at Stamford Bridge Grounds, he was beaten in the 100 yards by Wharton, who done the distance in even time, beating Ritchie and Bassett for second place; same day he won the 440 yards championship in 49 4-5 sec; beaten by Ritchie and Wharton in 120 yards race at Birmingham, but won the 440 yards race from scratch at same meeting. At Wordsley he ran from scratch and won a 100 yards race over Wharton; beaten by Ritchie in a 120 yards race at Stourbridge; and at the South London Harriers Meeting, in September of that year, he defeated Wharton in a 220 yards match race, covering the distance in 22 1-5 sec, which was the best on record for a grass course.

In November he won the 100 and 400 metres races at Paris for the Championship of France. Mr. Wood intended retiring, but an offer of a gold watch given by Leopold II., King of Belgium, for a 220 yards race run at Brussels in 1887, induced him to continue in his successful career. Mr. Wood won easily, and was presented by the King in person with the timepiece, which is quite unique in design, being made out of two 100 franc gold coins. His Majesty designed the trophy and had it made in his workshop at the Palace. At Huddersfield that year he won from scratch the 220 yards handicap; secured first at the summer meeting of the L.A.C., in the 220 yards scratch race, in 21 4-5 sec (record time), and beat the 250 yards record by covering the distance in 25½ sec; won the 440 yards championship at Stourbridge.

July 21, at Stamford Bridge, won the 150 and 300 yards, doing 14 4-5sec, and 31½ sec, respectively, both being best English amateur records to this day. In the 300 yards race he was much interfered with, and every watch excepting that of the official timekeeper's recorded the time as 31 1-5 sec.

The following day he won a 220 yards race in 21 3-5 sec, and though that was the official time returned, for some unexplainable reason it was never accepted as a record.

Won the Northern Counties Championship 440 yards race at Manchester, and then, at the invitation of the Manhattan Athletic Club, he visited New York. Unfortunately Mr. Wood sprained his left foot and was unable to compete in the American championships. He was, however, kindly treated by Mr. G. M. L. Sacks, and all the Manhattan club men. Returning to England he married and retired from running in 1888.

Mr. Wood may be proud of the fact that he has won about 200 prizes, and in 1887 was regarden as invincible. His 250 yards record has since been beaten by E. H. Pulling, and his 220 yards equalled by Moneypenny, but his 150 yards and 300 yards record still hold the honours.

DIED WITH A GOOD RECORD.

In the Old Pine Creek graveyard at Jersey Shore, Roulette, U.S.A., is a grave marked by a time-stained slab bearing the following unique inscription:

JAMES M'MURRAY.

Born in Ireland, June 11, 1764. Emigrated to America in 1790. Was converted to God in 1820, and united with the M. E. Church. The husband of three wives, the father of twenty-two children, eighteen living, the grandfather of eighty-two, and great-grandfather of thirty-eight, who died in Jersey Shore, April 11, 1853, in great peace and triumph, being fifty-four years a resident of the county where he exchanged Earth for Heaven.

A DEPTFORD TRAGEDY.

A Boy's Story of His Mother's Death.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The *Leader*, March 28th, says:—Elizabeth Premhook, aged 34, of 23, Queen Street, Deptford, is alleged to have been killed by her husband striking her with his fist. At the inquest yesterday the husband said that his wife, who was a hawker, went to Billingsgate Market on Friday last to make some purchases. Soon after her return he went with her to several public-houses, and they remained drinking until three o'clock in the afternoon. She told him that she was feeling unwell, and said that she had had half a pint of beer with a man in London, and that she would never drink any more beer again. Witness knew the man mentioned, but was not acquainted with his name. About half-past three he left her, and went home to bed. When he awoke he saw his wife lying on the floor. This would be about seven o'clock in the evening. Seeing that she was very ill he fetched a neighbour, who returned with him. As soon as she saw the deceased a doctor was obtained, but witness did not know the doctor's name.

THE WOMAN WAS THEN DEAD.

Witness had had no quarrel with his wife, and could not say what could have accounted for her death. They had seven children alive.

Susan Baker, deceased's mother, could not say that the deceased and her husband had lived happily together.

Henry Premhook, the son, aged 11 years, who was very badly dressed, stated that his mother awoke about six and said that she had a headache, afterwards giving him his tea. He was then sent out by his father to sell the winkles, but before going, because his mother said that there was no paper, his father hit her with his fist and knocked her over a chair.

The Coroner: Did he do anything else?

Witness: Yes, he kicked her and dragged my mother to the door by the hair of her head. She clasped her hands together and said "Oh!" I cried, but was sent to sell the winkles, and when I returned mother was dead.

By the Jury: He had often seen his father strike his mother. The deceased was struck on the left side of the face. His father kicked her hard with his boots, and told her to get up. Witness knew that his father had had too much beer and had been drunk ever since. (Sensation.)

At the conclusion of this witness's evidence he told the coroner that he was afraid to go home, as

HIS FATHER WOULD BEAT HIM.

The Coroner ordered the child to be handed over to the charge of an officer from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Dr. Ambrose J. Russell said from the post-mortem examination he found the body to be well nourished. There were no signs of poison. She had a weak heart, and the immediate cause of death was syncope. It could have been caused by a shock following upon a blow or a kick. He found no external marks of violence, but they would not be found if death ensued immediately after a blow.

A juror: Do you consider that a blow or kick would have accelerated death?

Witness: It would.

The jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the husband, who was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant, and the witnesses bound over to appear at the Central Criminal Court.

HE WON AFTER ALL.

At a supper given by Mr. Sothern, the celebrated American actor, after the performance one night, a discussion arose as to the possibility of the comedian going through in reality the business of a bath he was supposed to take in the second act, during the time usually occupied in speaking the lines, which is a trifle less than ten minutes. The discussion resulted in a wager, the proceeds to go to a designated charity, that it could be accomplished, and he accordingly agreed to disrobe, completely submerge himself in the bath-tub filled with water, dry and dress himself completely, meanwhile speaking the lines of the play just as he did at night. While Mr. Sothern disrobed and enveloped himself in a huge dressing-gown to begin the test, one of the party volunteered to fill the bath-tub with water. When all was ready, Mr. Sothern began, and all went well until, with simulated shivering at the supposed coldness of the water, he spoke the lines: "One brave plunge and it's all over." Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Sothern doffed the dressing-gown and jumped into the bath. With a shriek that did not belong in the part, he jumped out again, saying, "Confound you fellows! You have filled the tub with scalding water!" Then, resuming the lines of the play, he continued dressing, and emerged from the bath-room in nine minutes and a half, saying, "Where's my other slipper?" as he does at night. But the redness of his face was not all due to the rapidity of his exertions, nor the temperature of the water.

TORTURED TO DEATH FOR HIS MONEY.

How Masked Burglars Attempted to Force a Miser to Reveal His Wealth.

CALLED THEM RAT EATERS.

How Celestials Handled a Blackguard for Insulting Them.

A BILK ROUGHLY HANDLED.

Sirens who Refused to give Credit Force a Settlement.

PREFERRED DEATH TO DISGRACE.

A St. Louis Girl, Disappointed in Love, Takes Her Own Life.

CONFRONTED WITH EVIDENCE OF GUILT.

An Enraged Husband Rebukes His wife for Violating Her Marriage Vows.

TURF NOTES.

Glance at the City and Suburban.

Northampton and Warwick, and Hurst Park.

WHAT with the unsatisfactory start at Lincoln and the uncertain proceeding on the part of some owners in the Liverpool Steeplechase, backers of the two favourites may deem themselves lucky to have matters balance favourably on their side. As I strongly pointed out in this column the chance that LE NICHAM held, I trust it benefited those who followed the hint. That the City and Suburban is hardly affected by the form shown at Lincoln is patent to all. Grey Leg being left at the post, no one can judge of his present form, and that he will become a warm order for this event seems certain; but class, as represented here, is much better, and should he meet Arcano he will be contending with a first-class animal, who, I am told, is being specially prepared for the race under notice. Callistrate has attracted attention, and although set to carry 9st, his quality (over what is considered an easy gradient) may enable his party to score.

El Diablo meets Gangway at the difference of 5lb, who having 1lb less to carry here than at Lincoln might be allowed the chance; but El Diablo on some of his form has much the best of it, and with 8st 4lb is still to be reckoned with.

Le Nicham, I expect, will be an absentee, but if Victor Wild can finish with more resolution I should not look elsewhere for the winner, as I do not at present think he was ridden all out when he finished so close up fourth. Gough did not appear to be at work, whilst T. Loates from the distance on Le Nicham rode every yard of the way.

Prisoner, a likely customer with 8st 2lb, might do Waugh a turn; he is doing good work with a view to this early engagement, and it would not surprise me to see T. Loates up on this one an April 18.

Cabin Boy, under the careful eye of T. Leader, goes on improving; that he is game and stout in his finishes is well known, and has reached this class only by repeated victories over what seemed much superior animals, and with heavy burdens could still get his head in front when considered outclassed. The Epsom track should suit him, and he will carry the confidence of the stable. At present the most likely ones out of the forty odd that remain in are Victor Wild, Cabin Boy, Grey Leg, and Callistrate, and no doubt from this quartette the winner may spring; but in the next issue our selected should be followed.

With Northampton and Warwick this week, the ball still continues to roll, and with fair weather in view, patrons of these meetings will be well catered for. With the Althorp Park Stakes on Tuesday, the forward running of Attar and La Sagesse points to probable victory.

The Earl Spencer's Plate of 500 sovs will bring out a speedy field, and on recent form Reliance, coupled with Acrobat, should hit the mark.

On Wednesday, Burnaby and Paddy strike me as likely in the Northamtonshire Stakes, and now that the weights have been raised from 8st 7lb to 9st, it gives them the advantage of superior jockeyship; and I fully expect one of them will meet the judge's eye on this occasien—the first-named for choice.

At Warwick, on Thursday, DORNOCH and MOCK ORANGE appear the best goods for the Welter Handicap; and on Friday CONVENT and KILSALLAGHAN are the pick of the basket.

Hurst Park, the following day, will finish up a busy week, where some good stakes are set for decision; and the Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,000 sovs should be won by POMADE DIVINE; most danger may come from GRANIA. For the Hampton Court Plate commend me to LA SAGESSE: and MERRY TOKEN may account for the Welter Plate Handicap. CHALK.

THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Scenes and Incidents of the Famous Hurdle Race.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EVERYBODY within fifty miles of Liverpool who possesses sporting blood is sure to see the Grand National run, and few, if any, who attend, fail to risk some money on the big jumping event. Why Not's victory was a popular one with a class, though some who run at the tips given placed their spare cash on the wrong horse. Cloister being scratched disappointed the masses, who plunged on Ardcarn. They got ripped both ways, and whilst some of the fair sex rejoiced over the result, many more displayed their feelings by hurling their tickets to the ground and stamping on them. There were several mishaps during the race, and the water jump in this was not entirely forgotten, because more than one animal accepted an involuntary dip. The winners felt that nothing was too good for them, and found pleasure in returning to Liverpool in a four-in-hand, singing songs and making merry in general. With them they thought not of the sad countenances on the individuals who were well satisfied to hoof it back. Walking was good enough for them, though it did come with bad grace. The same familiar faces were to be seen, the bookmaker shouting his odds, and a motley group about him watching the money roll into the bag. Arthur Nightingall's was a conspicuous face, and Why Not? for he brought home the winning horse.

In the Grand National 30 fences have to be cleared. They are:—1 and 17—A thorn fence, 5ft high and 2ft thick. 2 and 18—A thorn fence, 5ft high, with a rail on the take-off side 3ft high. The rail is close up against the fence. 3 and 19—A thorn fence, 4ft 10in high, with a ditch on the take-off side 6ft wide and 3ft deep, and a rail in front of said ditch 2ft high. 4 and 20—A rail and fence, the rail being 2ft 6in high and the fence 5ft high. 5 and 21—Same as Nos. 1, 6, and 22—known as "Beecher's Brook," which is a thick thorn fence 4ft 10in high, with a rail 2ft 6in in front, and a natural brook about 8ft on the far side, and 4ft deep. 7 and 23.—A thorn fence, 4ft 10in high, with a rail in front 2½ft high. 8 and 24—A thorn fence, standing 5ft high, with ditch on take-off side between 5ft and 6ft wide, and a rail in front 2ft high. 9 and 25—Known as "Valentine's Brook," being a thorn fence 5ft high, with a rail in front 2ft high, and brook on far side. 10 and 25—A thorn fence, 4ft 10in high and 2ft thick. 11 and 27—A rail, 2ft high, a ditch about 6ft wide and 4ft deep, and a thorn fence on far side 5ft high. 12 and 28—A rail, 2ft high, a fence 5ft high, and a ditch on far side 6ft wide. 13, 14, 29, and 30.—Thorn fences, 4ft 8in high. 15—A thorn fence, 5ft high and 2ft in with, ditch on take-off side 4ft 6in wide, and a rail in front 2ft high. 16—The "water jump," 15ft wide.

TOM WILLIAMS.

Clever 10st Pugilist from Australia.

(With Portrait.)

TOM WILLIAMS, clever 10st pugilist, located at Aldershot, hails from the Colonies of Australasia, and first saw the light of day at Brunswick, near Melbourne, Victoria, February 28, 1868. He is 5ft 8¼in, and in fighting gear scales 10st. He was brought up in the Customs Department at Melbourne, but following the footsteps of his elder brother, Billy Williams, turned his attention to boxing about five years ago. At first he was rather unsuccessful, but since then he has placed numerous victories to his credit. In contests at Melbourne he has beaten J. Saxon, six rounds; H. Synnot, eight rounds; F. O'Neil, four rounds; H. Synnot, five rounds; Griffiths, one round; Jim Saxon, three rounds; Jim Barron, one round; Ben Seth, English heavy-weight, two rounds. Was beaten by Tom Tracey, four rounds; and in eight round contests he fought drawn battles with Jerry Marshall, J. Morris, Jim Saxon, Billy Maber, T. Ryan, and a fourteen round draw with Maber at Adelaide. Williams also defeated George Dawson for the light-weight Championship of Australia, and a purse of £250, and a side bet of £250 aside, being the largest sum of money ever fought for in the Colonies.

Williams then came to this country, and on May 2, 1892, defeated Bill Hatcher in one round in London for £200. Visiting the United States he met Billy Smith, who defeated Williams in two rounds at Coney Island, New York State, April 17, 1893, for 5,000dols. Illness compelled him to pay forfeit to Harry Nickless, and he subsequently fought Cock Robin to a twenty-round draw at the National Sporting Club, London, for a £200 purse. He is located at Aldershot, and is prepared to arrange a match with any man of even weight.

BOTH CLAIMED THE FORK.

Mr. Bird Decided it Belonged to W. M.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EMMA WAR, of 36, Villiers Road, Willesden, was summoned at Harlesden for detaining a garden fork, value 2s. 6d., the property of W. Massey, of 3, Cobbold Road, Willesden. Complainant said he lent the fork to defendant's son, and it had not been returned. Defendant, on the other hand, declared that the fork was the property of her late husband. She produced it, and showed the Bench her husband's initials, "M. W.," upon the handle. Mr. Massey, however, promptly came forward, and turning the fork up the other way, showed that the initials were his, "W. M." Mr. Bird said it depended upon the way the fork was looked at. (Laughter.) In answer to Mr. Bird, defendant said she could not swear whether it was her late husband's fork. She added, "My husband died. He had a fork, and he did not take it with him. Where is it?" (Laughter.) Complainant swore the fork produced was his, and the Bench ordered defendant to give it up, and pay the costs. Defendant tearfully pleaded that she had lost the fork and had no money. A woman stepped up and said defendant had £200 in the bank. Mr. Bird: What have you to do with it? The Woman: I lent it to Massey. (Laughter.) The Bench gave defendant ime to pay.

CELEBRATING THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.

How a Brace of Winners Entertained Sirens and Caused Wine to Flow Freely

(Subject of Illustration.)

"HERE'S to Le Nicham," cried a swell, as he carried a dozen bottles of champagne aboard the parlour car returning from Lincoln March 27, after the Lincoln Handicap had been decided. The speaker was closely followed by a pal and three sirens, and during the run to London of a little over three hours champagne flowed as freely as water. But little wine was wasted out of the first three bottles "cracked," and as it began to take effect the party got quite jolly. None were then particular as to how much wine got spilt, and by the time the last quart was taken in hand the whole of them were fairly deluged in the juice of the grape.

On reaching London the party had intended making a night of it, and painting the West-end resorts a bright vermilion hue. They were, however, too unsteady on their pins to indulge in much travelling about, and wisely adjourned to a resort where they could sleep off the effects of their jollification.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

"I'M afraid," said Mr. Scroggins to his nephew, "that you are giving altogether too much attention to the doings of prize-fighters."

"Well," admitted the young man, "I do enjoy reading about them."

"I am sorry to see it. Prize-fighting is brutish and degrading. In an age like this, when there are so many enormous problems of science and civilization to solve, it is wrong for any man to give his mental energies to the consideration of things like this, which are not only low in themselves, but demoralising in their influences."

The old gentleman took a long breath and glared.

"Still one can't help being interested."

"You ought to help it. It's your business to help it."

"But I've had it forced on my attention," was the apologetic reply. "The clerk at our store wants to bet that Jackson will whip Corbett."

"Wants to bet that the black will—Great Scott! you took him up, didn't you? Why, look at Corbett's science. He can pull the hairs out of Peter's eyebrows without getting touched. And if Jackson tries to turn the fight into a sprinting match, Corbett 'll be right with him, and chase him lap for lap till he runs him down, same as a dog would a rabbit. And that man wants to bet on Jackson! How much did you take of it?"

"Why, I haven't bet anything as yet."

"Haven't bet! Here, get your hat and coat and hunt him up. Bet him all you've got, and then, if he's still game, lay a pony for me. Don't lose a minute, because he might change his mind."

LIQUOR RIOTS IN AMERICA.

TELEGRAMS from New York on March 31 report details of savage fighting between the police and the citizens in Darlington, South Carolina, during which several citizens have been killed and others wounded. The troops have been brought out, but the rioting continues and increases in gravity. The trouble has arisen from an attempt having been made by the constables to search houses for liquor, and in other ways enforce obnoxious liquor laws. Great hostility is being displayed toward the governor, who is held to be responsible for the obnoxious regulations. Eighteen constables were deputed to search the houses, and at the very beginning of their operations the people rose against them. Revolver shooting was indulged in freely, and

Two Constables were Shot

dead at the opening of the fray. Two citizens were also shot, and many bystanders who took no part in the fighting were seriously wounded through the revolver firing. The citizens were rapidly reinforced, and the constables, seeing that they were in danger of being surrounded, fled to the swamps. The feeling against them was so strong that practically the whole of the able-bodied in the town joined in the pursuit, and the latest information is that the constables are hopelessly hemmed in, and the infuriated citizens threaten to

Slaughter the Whole Force.

At daybreak, March 31, the sheriff called out the militia to protect the police, but their number was few and they were powerless.

News of the outbreak rapidly spread throughout the State, and the excitement became intense. At Columbia and Wilmington armed bands of citizens are preparing to destroy the State dispensaries where liquor is sold medicinally.

An angry mob at Florence looted the dispensary, scattering and destroying all the contents.

ALL SORTS.

MICKEY DOOLEY is to fight Harry Laing, the victor over Joe Goddard, for a purse of £100, given by the Cumberland Club of Melbourne. Goddard, at last accounts, was ill in Melbourne under a physician's care.

* * *

JACK PLIMMER, brother of Billy Plimmer, made his first public appearance in America at the Owl Club, New York, recently. He is a 7st 2lb lad. His opponent was Willie Haas, a clever amateur bantam. Plimmer out-boxed and out-classed him.

* * *

THE man Prendergast, who is now awaiting execution for the murder of Mr. Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, made a savage attack the the other evening upon one of the warders named Johnson. The warder was on the duty known as the "dead watch."

* * *

MICHAEL KILLION, father of the heavy weight pugilist Jack Kilrain, died at the latter's hotel in Baltimore, U.S.A., March 19, aged fifty-six years. He had long suffered with Bright's disease, and his serious illness led to the recent rumours that the retired pugilist was dying. Jake's mother died two years ago.

* * *

MISS MINNIE CUNNINGHAM, the charming dancer and singer, is seriously ill. Her well-known song, "The Art of Making Love," was both written and composed by herself, and she is also the author of "It's Naughty, but it's Nice," a song which greatly assisted Miss Lottie Collins in earning her present reputation.

* * *

MR. WILKINSON, the well-known comedian, who was among the pantomime artistes who were injured at Liverpool, died March 31 of concussion of the brain. Mr. Wilkinson recently played the chief comedy part in "The Golden Web," at the Lyric Theatre, and was for some time a prominent member of the German Reed company.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS, the middle-weight champion pugilist, has decided to accept Corbett's offer to fight Dan Creedon to a finish in private for a stake of 5,000 dols. a side.

"Any kind of gloves Creedon names, whether they be skin-tight or pillows, will suit me," said Fitzsimmons. "I will also agree to weigh in at 11st 4lb, the middle-weight limit.

"If Corbett wants to increase the stakes to 10,000dols. or 15,000dols. I am satisfied. If Corbett has so much confidence in Creedon's pugilistic abilities as he professes, let him put up his money."

* * *

BOBBY DOBBS, an American coloured light-weight, knocked out Billy Lavigne of Saginaw with four-ounce gloves before the Twin City Athletic Club of Minneapolis, U.S.A., March 19. Dobbs had trained to meet Stanton Abbott, and when the Englishman refused to fight Lavigne was secured. He only had a week's notice, and, as a result, met his Waterloo. The men weighed in at the ringside, Dobbs at 9st 9lb and Lavigne eight pounds heavier. John S. Barnes was the referee. Dobbs is an unbeaten, twenty-six years old. He won important victories in California in defeating George McKenzie of Australia, Charley Johnson of St. Paul, who once defeated Dick Moore, Harris Martin, the Black Pearl, and lastly Billy Mahan. Dobbs lost to Jack O'Brien in the third round, in San Francisco, four years ago, but his defeat was regarded as too quick and easy for a straight fight.

TORTURED TO DEATH FOR HIS MONEY.

How Masked Burglars Attempted to Force a Miser to Reveal his Wealth.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DETAILS of a shocking case of cruelty have just reached us from Seneca, New York State. A miser has for years been reputed as having hidden a vast amount of wealth, though he resided in a squalid portion of the town. The other night three masked burglars entered his hovel, and hoped by threats to force him to disclose the hiding place where he kept his gold.

Threats, however, were of no avail, and determined not to be balked in their plan they got the old man on the floor, one sitting astride of his stomach whilst another held his hands. The third secured a shovelful of coals from the fire and placed them against the victim's feet. Though the old man's agony was beyond description he declined to say where his wealth was hidden. Finding torture useless the robbers left the old man lying on the floor suffering, whilst they ransacked the house. They failed to secure anything of value. The old miser is not expected to recover from the effects of their treatment to him. The police have the affair in hand, but the capture of the trio is doubtful.

PAID THE PENALTY WITH HIS LIFE.

A Hotel Keeper Holds an Englishman for Ransom, is Caught and Shot.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"When I was a young man," remarked the traveller, sitting by the fire at a hotel in the western part of the United States the other night, "I was for about five years a telegraph operator, and it was the making of my fortune."

"Nobody ever heard of a telegraph operator getting rich," interrupted a young man who was getting 50 dols a month as a clicker at the railroad station.

"Indirectly they may," said the traveller, "though possibly not quite as I did. To go on with my story. When I was twenty-five I was sent down into Mexico with a lot of other operators to handle the tickers for a new line they were building there. I had charge of a section of the line, and my headquarters were in a town of about 1,500 people, which was a sort of a station also for a big mining country in the mountains, and it was a tough place, I tell you. I had my room at the tavern, the landlord of which was one of the smoothest villains you ever saw. He could speak English quite well, and had the confidence of all the telegraph people, except myself, and, somehow, I suspected him from the very first.

"After I had been working there about a month we had a big sensation in the shape of the abduction of an Englishman, who owned one of the biggest mines in the mountains, and he was held for ransom. The brigands wanted 50,000 dols. for him, and the authorities did all they could to catch the band or rescue the prisoner, but without avail. They couldn't find hide nor hair of robber or Englishman, but the demand for ransom still stood. I'd been along down the line for a week, and when I came back to my town I never saw a man in such a pitiable state of grief over any piece of deviltry as that landlord was. Indeed, he was so sorry that I became sorry for him, and began to think he wasn't so bad after all.

"That night I retired about eleven o'clock, and just as I was on the point of falling asleep I heard what I thought was a cricket, or rather a death watch, knocking on the heavy wall of masonry against which my bed stood. I could hear the faint knocking of the bug, but not being superstitious, paid little attention to it and went to sleep. Once or twice during the night I rolled over uneasily, and fancied I could hear that death watch still plugging away. Just before daybreak I heard it again, and made up my mind to make a little investigation in the morning and see what manner of insect a 'death watch' was anyhow. At seven o'clock a knock on my door wakened me for breakfast, and at first I thought the death watch must have found a hammer and changed his base of operations, but when I had my eyes fully opened I answered the knock and heard the caller patter along down the hall to another door. A I lay in bed enjoying for a moment or two the pain of having to get up, I heard my death watch again, this time in the wall near my head, and I began to listen.

"'Tick, tick,' it went, then several ticks, but I could not see any sign of bug or insect.

"'Tick, tick, tick, tick,' it went again, slower and faster, and faster and slower, irregularly I thought at first, but in a moment or two, as I became accustomed to it, I discovered it was not irregular.

"Then all at once I sat bolt upright in bed, with my ears almost standing straight out from my head, and the next minute I had laid the side of my face flat against the wall. I think my heart must have ticked ten times to that other's ticking once as I pressed my ear tight against the wall, and then I almost yelled at my discovery, but a second thought came, and I kept still.

"Tick, tick, tick, tickety, tickety, tick, tick," went the noise, and I read the telegraph signals.

"'Help,' they said, 'help, for God's sake. I am the prisoner held for ransom, and the landlord is in league with the brigands.'

"My wits came to me then, and taking a hammer I had in my small kit, I ticked back:—

"'Keep up your courage. I am the American telegraph operator, and will have you out of that as soon as I can get a force here.'

"Then I dressed quickly, went to my breakfast, which I ate as usual, for I was afraid to do anything to excite suspicion, and went out to see what kind of combination I could organise to save my man. The town police, I believed, were in collusion with the brigands, and I could not go to them. At the corner of the street I met the landlord.

"'Ah, Mr. American,' he said, almost in tears, 'we have heard nothing of the poor unfortunate gentleman, but there have just arrived in the town 100 Government troops, and they will hunt the murderers down and do justice to the poor prisoner. There comes the gentleman in command now,' and looking as the landlord pointed, I saw a Mexican cavalry Captain with two aides walking.

"'They are going to stop at my house,' exclaimed the landlord cheerfully, 'and I must go to prepare for them.'

"He hurried away, and I waited for the officers. In a few minutes I had told my story, and in a very few more minutes they had hurried back to their company, and I was on the tavern steps with the landlord when the whole body came up. The landlord was all bows and smiles, and the officers came up smiling themselves. In two minutes more they had seized him, and quietly, so as to cause no alarm, we took him to my room and I telegraphed to the prisoner to know how to get into his pen. He gave me directions as he best could, and after a difficult search, as the landlord swore he knew nothing and could tell nothing, we found our man in a little room with a heavy wall all about it and no sign of a window. It was a pen built for such a purpose, and was a hiding-place for the landlord's friends, the brigands, as we afterwards learned.

"To make a long story short," concluded the traveller, "we got our man out, and a more gratified one you never saw. He told me he had learned telegraphy for pastime, and when he was boxed up in there it occurred to him that possibly somebody might be beyond the walls who knew the signs, and that all the time he was not sleeping he had been repeating that message on each side of the room, and had been doing so ever since the first day of his capture, for the robbers had put him in there the first night. He felt safe in doing it, because he knew nobody knew the signs but the Americans who were in that vicinity as operators, and it was on the chance of catching one of them he had done it. As I said, he was the gratefulest man you ever saw, and, after rewarding all the soldiers liberally, he gave me a position that let me get out of the country with half a million dollars in seven years."

"What became of the landlord?" inquired the hotel clerk.

"The next morning, at daybreak, the troops tied a rope about his body and, hitching the end to a horse, raced the animal up the mountains, dragging the villainous landlord fully a mile. He was then released and shot."

CALLED THEM RAT EATERS.

How Celestials Handled a Blackguard for Insulting Them.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Call a Chinaman John and he interposes no objection, but just intimate that he is a rat eater and he will declare war immediately. Sam Long's laundry in Boston is located in rather a tough quarter, and an occasional row or broken window does not cut any great figure with Sam and his three workmen. The other evening a rough, much the worse off for drink, dropped in and threw down his check, declaring he had lost the second one. He wanted to pick a fight, and opened up in this fashion: "Say, John, you're no good, dats my shirt. See! where's the button; yer cribbed der button, give us der button; say der shirt ain't done up right, d'y hear. You're no good. Where's der collars and cuffs? Me check's lost."

"No checkee, no collar, no cuffee. Go way; I no likee, you loafer," responded Sam in pigeon English. "You Ilish. Ilish no good; dam Ilish. Gealy Ilish, and Gealy no good; he fiend of King Hallison. New King Cleveland goode man."

"Get out," replied the intruder. "Geary is a gent, and his law will make you all go back to China and eat rats."

That settled all argument, for quick as a flash three were at him and screaming "Mokahi" (Son of ——), and getting him prostrate, they hammered him mercilessly, whilst Sam turned the key in the door. The rumpus attracted a police-officer, and a large crowd, including several Chinamen. Sam displayed the key to the officer on the outside, and shouted, "You no can come in. Me killee Ilish man." A flat-iron was brought into service, and several gashes were put into the victim's head ere some of the Chinamen on the outside prevailed upon Sam and his men to cease mauling about the object of their wrath and to open the door.

Sam and his men were conveyed to the police-station, where bonds were promptly given as a surety for their appearance in Court when the case is brought to trial.

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CONFRONTED WITH EVIDENCE OF GUILT.

An Enraged Husband Rebukes his Wife for Violating her Marriage Vows.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is bad enough for a husband to suspect his wife's infidelity, but when he is brought face to face with a portrait revealing his wife in a compromising position, then does patience cease to be a virtue. For some time past a young married woman in the North of London has been a factor in clandestine meetings with a club man, who retains bachelor apartments in St. John's Wood. To him she was known by her maiden name, and at the Hampstead Heath outing, Easter Monday, she was foolish enough to permit her being photographed whilst in the embrace of her paramour. The young man placed the portrait on his mantel in the reception-room, where he has many portraits of immodest women adorning the walls. The husband happened to call on the gay lothario a few days ago and readily recognised the addition to the art gallery. He speedily left, without explaining matters, and returned shortly afterwards with his wife. On entering, the husband marched the faithless spouse before the mantel and then chided her for violating her marriage vows. The paramour assumed an indifferent and nonchalant air and appeared not in the least disturbed over the mischief his folly had created. The affair is being hushed up, and a quiet separation will be the result. The bachelor finds little time for the woman whose life he has wrecked, and appears to think it strange that the husband has cut his acquaintance over what he terms a trivial affair.

THEY WERE TIRED OF LIFE.

A Hebrew Couple Hang Themselves in Dublin.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben were found hanging at their residence in Walworth Road, Dublin, the other day, and Coroner Kenny held an inquest. Both of the deceased were of the Jewish persuasion, and in good circumstances, and the case excited very great interest. Moses Weiner said that a constable found all the doors and windows bolted and locked, and he had to force the doors. They found the two bodies hanging by the necks by cords in the front parlour. The bodies were partly undressed. Mr. Reuben's body was behind the door, and Mrs. Reuben's body was just opposite, the cords being attached to wooden brackets. The feet of the deceased were only two or three inches from the ground. Mrs. Reuben wore a chemise, and the man wore drawers and socks and a flannel jacket. The deceased were always on friendly terms. Mr. Reuben had prosecuted certain persons in the police-court on March 24, and spoke to witness about it.

Constable Lucas described how he found the woman hanging by the rope (produced), on which there was a single loop caught round the chin and behind the ears. In the case of the man the rope went nearly twice round the neck; the forefinger of the left hand was between the rope and the neck, as if he had made an effort to loosen it. A small step-ladder was close by, on which the man might have stood before swinging himself off. Witness found on the table the remains of the supper.

Inspector O'Reilly said that he found on the premises in a safe £30 in gold, and packages of silver to the amount of £43 17s. 4d., and two bank books on the Bank of Ireland.

A verdict of suicide was returned.

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